

From the Quarterly Review.

*Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* Edited by Lord John Russell. Vols I. and II. London, 1853.

THE time has perhaps arrived when Englishmen may regard, not indeed without predilections, but freed from such passions as forbid a calm survey of the grounds on which those predilections have been formed, the characters of men who commanded the confidence or excited the dread of our contending grandsires. Political interests are invested in new combinations of party,—from the eternal problems of civilization new corollaries are drawn, since Fox identified his name with the cause of popular freedom, and Pitt was hailed as the representative of social order.

Statesmen are valued while living, less according to the degree of their intellect than to its felicitous application to the public exigencies, or the prevalent opinions. Time, like law, admits no excuse for the man who misunderstands it. Hence, in our estimate of contemporaries, we pass with abrupt versatility from one extreme to the other: "*Mors ultima linea rerum est*"—death must determine the vanishing point in the picture before we can estimate the relative size of each object expressed on the canvas.

In examining the Memorials and Correspondence of Mr. Fox, recently edited by the most distinguished of his surviving disciples, our eye often turns from the prominent hero to linger where an opening in the group that surrounds him vouchsafes a glimpse of his lofty antagonist; and strange does it seem to us that so much in the character and career of Mr. Pitt has been left to the mercy of commentators, who could not fail to misinterpret the one from the hostility they professed to the other. In securing from future ages an impartial judgment, Mr. Fox has this striking advantage, that, perhaps less than any of our great public men, do his actions need the investigation of latent causes, or his idiosyncrasies require much skill in analysis or extensive acquaintance with mankind. It was his notable attribute to lay himself open on all sides, whether to applause or to reproach. And thus, while, on the one hand,

his familiar letters render yet more transparent his amiable and winning qualities, and the graces of his cultivated and affluent genius, so, on the other, they compel our attention the more to his signal defects as the leader of a party or the councillor of a nation. But though in detail criticism may suggest remarks not without novelty or instruction, the salient attributes of the man, regarded as a whole, will remain the same; and the additional light thrown upon the portrait does not provoke the question whether or not it be placed at its proper height upon the wall. Far less clear to the discernment of the last age was the character of Pitt; and even in our day, men, wondering that genius should have been so long fortunate, have but little examined the properties and causes which made the fortune a necessary consequence of the genius. In the demeanor of Mr. Pitt, a certain stately reserve baffled the ordinary eye; in his political action there was a guiding tendency towards practical results, which is liable to misconstruction by the ordinary intelligence. It was his fate to incur, from his earliest manhood, those grave responsibilities which separate the minister charged with the destinies of a nation from the theorist in legislation, who, free to contend for what he deems good in the abstract, is not bound to consider how and when to effect it. Hence, so little was known of Mr. Pitt out of his own chosen circle, in private, that Mr. Fox speaks of him "as no scholar." And few indeed among the supporters of the majestic minister, who cheered his awful irony or imperial declamation, could have believed that he had ever been the gayest of gay companions met to sup in the hostelry of Eastcheap, and vie with each other in apt quotations from Shakespeare. On the other hand, in his public character—so little have his true opinions been subjected to candid investigation, that he has been represented as an apostate from popular freedom and a champion of absolute rule; while Lord Holland would kindly mitigate his guilt as one or the other by the charitable assurance that Pitt had very few fixed principles at all. He has been accused of making war for the cause of the Bourbons;

the Bourbons accused him of ignoring their cause altogether. He has been charged with prolonging the war to prop his selfish ambition almost at every hazard; while, fresh from the Malmesbury Correspondence, Lord Brougham invites us to notice how "sincerely desirous he was of making peace with the French Directory almost at any price." According to Mr. Macaulay, Pitt was a wretched financier; while Lord John Russell laments that no junction between Fox and Pitt allowed the nation to see "the one adorning and advising his country in foreign affairs, the other applying to the management of our finances the economical principles of Smith and the wise frugality of Sully." It may well be worth while to re-examine a character thus carelessly rated, thus ill comprehended, and to ascertain what really were those qualities which, in a time unparelled for the grandeur of its public men, raised Mr. Pitt to a power pre-eminent over all. And, although there is no great general analogy between the circumstances that now surround us or the dangers that threaten, and the stormier attributes of the time in which Mr. Pitt achieved his fame, still in the prosecution of a war in which great blunders have been committed and lofty reputations have fallen into obloquy and odium—suggestions not without their value may arise from the contemplation of a character which inspired the public confidence in proportion to the degree of the public peril.

William Pitt, the second son of Lord Chatham, was born on the 28th of May, 1759. Like his great rival Mr. Fox, and unlike great men in general, his childhood was remarkable for precocity of intellect. Of his two brothers, one was destined to the army, the other to the navy. William was selected for the career of the bar and the senate. From the age of six to fourteen, educated at home under the eye of Lord Chatham, all his faculties were trained towards development in public life. During those eight years the popularity of the elder Pitt had rapidly declined. The great commoner had passed to the House of Lords. He had formed that motley and feeble cabinet, made familiar to posterity by the exquisite satire of Burke, to which he had contributed nothing save his name, in the defence of which, to borrow Chesterfield's brief definition, "he was only Earl of Chatham and no longer Mr. Pitt," and from which he alto-

gether retired in 1768. Infirmary and disease grew upon him. He was much confined to his room. He had leisure to form the mind and inspire the ambition of his favorite son.

It was not only in scholastic studies that the grand old man encouraged the boy's natural eagerness to excel; it was not enough even in childhood to read and to remember. Lord Chatham early instilled those two habits of mind which call from the inert materials of learning the active uses of purpose, the reproductive vitality of original deductions,—the habits to observe and to reflect. He led the young student to talk openly and boldly upon every subject, and to collate his first impressions with a statesman's practical experience. The exceeding tenderness which the great Earl, so imperious in public life, exhibited to his son, appears in the letters Lord Chatham addressed to William at the early age of fourteen. They have all the playful kindness of feeling, all the yearning affection of a mother's—with just enough of the father's unconscious greatness, to sustain masculine ambition, and animate the sense of duty, not by dry admonitions but by hopeful praise: "Your race of manly virtue (he writes to this boy of fourteen) is now begun, and may the favor of Heaven smile upon the noble career. How happy, my loved boy, is it that your mamma and I can tell ourselves there is at Cambridge *one* without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say, 'This is a man.'"

Such words, and from such a parent, might not only stimulate all the energies of a generous son, but they serve, perhaps, to account for that remarkable conviction in his own powers, that firm quality of self-esteem so necessary in public life, which from first to last was the distinctive peculiarity of William Pitt. Nor was it only by this wise familiarity of conversation and intercourse that Lord Chatham mechanically educated his son towards the adoption of his own career. He accustomed the boy to recite aloud, and, no doubt, took occasion to inculcate those arts of oratory so difficult to acquire in later life—the distinctness of elocution, the modulated change of voice, the by-play of look and of gesture, in which Lord Chatham himself was the most accomplished master of modern times. It was, perhaps, the conviction that the arts of oratory are closely akin to those of the stage.

that led Lord Chatham to encourage William before he went to the University, not only to write a play in verse, but to take a part in its performance. Yet more useful, perhaps, than the performance of the play was its composition in verse. Rarely, indeed, has it happened that an eminent orator has obtained distinction as a poet; but rarely also has it happened that an eminent orator has not indulged in verse-making. No other study leads to the same choiceness of selection in words, or enforces the same necessity to condense thought into a compact compass. Bolingbroke, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Canning — all made verses at one time of their lives, though Sheridan and Canning alone, of that immortal seven, have left us cause to regret that they did not cultivate in verse any uses not rigidly confined to the embellishment of prose. Nor did Lord Chatham neglect to exercise an influence over the direction of William's graver studies. The Earl prudently, indeed, left to professional teachers the legitimate routine in the classic authors, but he made it his particular desire that Thucydides, the eternal manual of statesmen, should be the first Greek book which his son read after coming to college; "the only other wish," says Bishop Tomline (William's college preceptor) "ever expressed by his lordship relative to Mr. Pitt's studies was, that I would read Polybius with him." But to William himself Lord Chatham's literary recommendations were less restricted, and they directed him to the study not only of the historical and political masterpieces of England, but also of the logical arrangement and decorous eloquence which characterize the literature of the national church. The sermons of Barrow especially seemed to Lord Chatham "admirably calculated to furnish the *copia verborum*."<sup>\*</sup>

In 1773, when little more than fourteen, William went to Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge. It was, perhaps, an advantage to his moral habits, and to his undivided attention to study, that he was so much younger than his contemporaries. A boy of fourteen could scarcely participate in

<sup>\*</sup> Barrow's amplitude of style is not unfrequently discernible in Pitt. But Barrow's more poetical attributes — his bursts of passionate fervor — his glowing use of personification — his felicity in adapting high thoughts to sonorous expressions, appear more congenial to Chatham's style of eloquence than that of his son. There are parts in Barrow which we could well fancy Chatham to have spoken. For instance, the sublime passage beginning, "Charity is a right noble and worthy thing," &c.

the pleasures that allure the young men from eighteen to twenty. Even then, however, his tutor tells "that his manners were formed and his behavior manly." His conversational powers were already considerable, and his range of study was singularly wide and comprehensive. Even then, too, his habits indicated the bias of the future orator. The barber who attended him, on approaching the oak door, frequently overheard him declaiming to himself within; and at a yet earlier age he had been accustomed to listen to the debates in the House of Commons, and repeat to his father the general purport of the arguments on either side. A severe illness attacked him soon after his entrance at the University, and much interfered with his residence during the first three years, but does not seem to have greatly interrupted his educational progress. There were these remarkable characteristics both in the quality of his learning and the mind that was applied to it. Although not fond of composition in the dead languages, nor ever attaining to that perfection in the elegant pastime of adapting modern thoughts to ancient tongues, which is the favorite academical test of scholarship, he yet devoted especial and minute care to detect the differences of style in the classic authors; and we are told by his tutor that "his diligent application to Greek literature had rendered the knowledge of that language so correct and extensive that if a play of Menander or Æschylus, or an ode of Pindar, had been suddenly found, he would have understood it as soon as any professed scholar."

Lord Wellesley confirms this authority by his own, which carries with it more weight. That indisputable scholar, whose classical compositions may bear no disparaging comparison with Milton's and Gray's, says of Pitt, in maturer life, "He was perfectly accomplished in classical literature, both Latin and Greek." . . . "With astonishing facility he applied the whole spirit of ancient learning to his daily use." Lord Grenville has often declared that "Mr. Pitt was the best Greek scholar he ever conversed with." Yet he had not habituated himself in boyhood to construe classical authors in the ordinary way, viz., literally, and word by word, "but read several sentences in the original, and then gave the translation of them, interpreting with almost intuitive quickness the most difficult passages

in the most difficult author ; " a peculiarity which evinces the tendency to generalize and express details by the comprehension of the whole, rather than arrive more slowly at the whole through the detached examination of details. Thus his observation was searching and careful ; but it was more directed to essentials than minutize. He took great pleasure in philological disquisitions and the true niceties of language ; little pleasure in the lesser exercise of acuteness, that would amend a trivial error in a doubtful text ; great pleasure in studying the peculiar means by which poets obtain effect in expression ; little pleasure in analyzing the laws of the metre they employed. His mind, in short, was critical only so far as criticism was necessary to the object in view ; and in the tastes of his studious boyhood he evinced that preference to the practical, that strong seizure of some definite purpose, in which are to be found the main secret of his after greatness, and of some of the defects and failings with which that greatness was inseparably blended. He acquired what would now be called but an elementary knowledge of mathematics and natural philosophy. His tutor, indeed, thinks that he would have made a wonderful progress in pure mathematics, had his inclination to that abstruse science been indulged. This we venture to doubt. No test of the capacities requisite for mastery in the more recondite regions of abstract philosophy is established by a readiness in the solution of elementary problems. There are few logical minds which the clear deductions of Euclid do not strengthen and delight. But for achievements in science, as the minute investigator, the subtle discoverer, we apprehend that qualities are required the very opposite of those which in William Pitt shunned all results that were not broad and palpable—employed genius to heighten and adorn the robust substance of common sense, and by adherence to reasonings the most familiar, or appeal to passions the most elementary, convinced the plain understanding of a popular assembly, and commanded the heart of a free nation, which a similar policy on certain measures adopted by a minister who had philosophized more, and felt less, would have driven into terrible revolt.

William Pitt went just so far into mathematics and natural science as fitted him the

better for active life, and went no farther. He said himself, and truly, " that he found their uses later, not merely from the actual knowledge conveyed, but rather from the habit of close attention and patient investigation." So also in metaphysics. He seems to have contented himself with a thorough knowledge of Locke's " Essay on the Human Understanding," of which he formed a complete and correct analysis. " He indicated no inclination to carry his metaphysical studies farther." In other words, it was the nature of his mind to adopt such studies as could collaterally serve the vocation of an accomplished statesman ; to halt from those studies where they deviated into directions in which they would naturally demand the whole man ; and out of all researches to select by preference those which would furnish the largest outlines of valuable ideas to the use of an intellect rather simple than refining ; rather positive than subtle ; rather grasping at Truth where she emerged into the open space than stealing through the labyrinth to surprise her in her cell. We must be pardoned for these references to certain points in the earlier education and tendencies of this famous man, which may seem too familiar to reiterate ; since our readers may thus arrive at perceptions into the nature of his general intellect which do not seem to have been suggested to his biographers.

Thus trained and prepared, William Pitt entered into life—too soon his own master. He had attained the age of nineteen when his father died. In 1780 he was called to the Bar, and went the Western Circuit. In the same year he lost his eldest sister, Lady Mahon, and his brother James, of whom he says, in a letter to his former tutor, " he had everything that was most desirable and promising—everything that I could love and admire ; and I feel the favorite hope of my mind extinguished by this untimely blow. Let me, however (he adds), assure you that I am too tried in affliction not to be able to support myself under it." Whether from the desire to distract his thoughts from such causes for grief, or from the native buoyancy of spirit which belongs to genius in youth, it was in the winter of that year that we find him supping nightly at Gossetree's club, more amusing than professed wits, entering with energy into the different amusements of gay companions, and displaying intense earnestness in



games of chance. Of these last, however, "he perceived," says Wilberforce, "the increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them forever." Indeed, in the January of 1781, William Pitt, having unsuccessfully contested the University of Cambridge at the general election in the previous autumn, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Appleby, by the interest of Sir James Lowther, but at the request of the Duke of Rutland. From that date the ordeal of such temptations as beset the idleness of youth was past.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more gloomy combination of discredit and disaster — of dangers from without and within — than that which threatened Great Britain, when the son of Lord Chatham first entered the august assembly in which his father had left many to divide his mantle, no one to claim his sceptre.

Abroad, the condition of our affairs was such as the boldest statesman might have contemplated with dismay. In America, a war that had become odious to the feelings, and humbling to the spirit of the English people, was slowly burning down into barren ashes; temporary successes inspired no exultation at home; a secret sentiment of their ultimate futility made the people echo the assertion of Fox, that Clinton's capture of Charleston and Cornwallis' victory at Camden "were matters less to rejoice at than deplore." Two years before, France had acknowledged the independence of the American Colonies, and was now our declared foe. Her resources were then unknown; they were represented by our leading orators, and popularly believed to be, far beyond the power of British commerce and wealth to encounter. Turgot's wise warnings had been disregarded. Necker had enveloped the general finances of France in profound mystery, and the boldness of his loans concealed the exhaustion of his means. Here even the sagacity of Burke was deceived: misplaced indeed was the splendid panegyric he pronounced on the hollow expedients of the Genevese financier; "Principle," exclaimed the orator *nescius futuri* — "principle, method, regularity, economy, frugality, justice to individuals, and care of the people, are the resources with which France makes war upon Great Britain."\* Holland was already on

the side of the Americans, and preparing to join France in the acknowledgment of their independence. Spain had arrayed against us fleets that excited more dread than her earlier Armada. In 1779 the island had been scared by a proclamation charging all officers, civil and military, in case of an invasion, to cause all horses, oxen, cattle, and provisions to be driven from the sea-coast to places of security; and had an enemy, in truth, set foot upon our shores, we possessed not, according to the assurance of the Secretary at War, a single General in whom the army could confide. "I don't know," said Lord North with his usual exquisite drollery, "whether our Generals will frighten the enemy, but I know that they frightened me." Meanwhile Gibraltar was besieged by forces greater than had ever before honored a single stronghold. Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had entered into common treaties, constituting an armed neutrality, and maintaining a principle that forbade to belligerent powers the right of searching the vessels of neutral states, and involved the pregnant seeds of that actual hostility with England which Russia, at least, almost openly desired. We had not on the continent a single ally. Nor did we stand only against the great potentates of Europe; we stood against its public opinion, while we continued to sink in its respect for our power. In the contest with America we had neither the support of popular sympathy, nor the dignity of military success.

Not only our armies had been defeated, but our maritime power had been humbled. Hostile fleets had paraded their flags before Plymouth: a miserable buccaneer, Paul Jones, had harried our Northern shores in a single frigate — insulted the Scottish coast with a descent — plundered an Earl's house with impunity — spiked the guns of Whitehaven fort — burned two vessels, and carried off 200 prisoners. Admirals were condemning the Admiralty, and dividing Parliament against each other. The Court was supposed to take part against its absent naval commander; and the acquittal of Keppel by the court-martial, to which Burke had attended him "to witness his agony of glory," had been followed by public illuminations — not more designed to honor the hero than to mortify his sovereign.

\* Burke lived to exclaim upon reading Necker's History of his own Administration, "Ah, if the practice of the author had corresponded to his theory!" Wise was the re-

ply that Burke received from Necker's apologist, and the distinction it implies should be remembered in our estimate of every genuine statesman: "The theory depended on the author alone, the practice on all that was around, with, or against him."

Naval successes indeed there were to check these ominous prospects, but the naval service itself was demoralized; Keppel, coldly reappointed, refused to serve, other officers of distinction threw up their commissions, and a general mutiny in the great fleet assembled at Torbay was with difficulty appeased.

At home, trade was everywhere depressed; the public spirit, disheartened against the national enemies, transferred its wrath to the national rulers; monarchical institutions shook beneath the violence of party and the general discontent. Language that went to a length which an ultra radical now-a-days would call revolutionary, was held, not by the populace and their demagogues alone, it was thundered from the lips of peers—it lightened from the eloquence of sages. Burke's famous motion for Economical Reform had produced effects on the public mind far beyond what his sagacity foresaw, or his philosophy could approve. Economy, as is usual in times of distress, became connected with some constitutional change which should go to the root of the evils alleged. Public meetings inflamed the provinces; and so great a multitude had assembled at Westminster, that troops were drawn out and stationed in the immediate vicinity. In the midst of this excitement a motion, to the effect that the influence of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished, was supported by the Speaker of the House of Commons, adopted with an immaterial amendment by the Government itself, and carried, thus amended, by a majority of eighteen. Very shortly afterwards, the Duke of Richmond introduced into the House of Lords a motion for annual parliaments, and a suffrage little less than universal; and as if to prove how unfit were the commonalty for the power thus proposed to accord to them—how faint would be the hope of enlightening the councils of the state, by transferring legislation to the wisdom of numbers—at that very period a madman was at the head of the mob, and the "No Popery" riot of Lord George Gordon was raging through the streets. Members of the House of Commons were compelled by the *sans culottes*, whom a Duke would have elevated into voters, to put on blue cockades, and shout out "No Popery"—the rabble were thundering at the doors of the House of Commons—in the lobby a lunatic was haranguing crowds, half fanatics half thieves—when the very motion for annual parliaments in the Lords was interrupted by the roar of the multitude—and a motion, whether or not the peers should sally out in a body to rescue their fellows, was decided in the negative, for fear the mace that should symbolize their dignity should

be stolen by the pious assemblage it would assuredly not have awed.

Such were the circumstances under which Parliament (prorogued July 8th) had been suddenly dissolved on the 1st of September, 1780, and that new Parliament assembled in which Providence had selected the agent for the preservation of the English throne.

At this time Lord North's administration, still outwardly strong, was inwardly undermined. Lord North himself had long been impatiently anxious to retire, and only retained the seals at the urgent entreaties of the King. The main body of the Opposition comprised two parties, which, but for personal jealousies, would have easily amalgamated their political opinions—viz., firstly, the scattered remnants of Lord Chatham's more exclusive following, of whom Lord Shelburne was the chief representative in the Lords; Dunning and Col. Barré, the most influential organs in the Commons. Secondly, the Whigs, properly so called: formidable alike from their number and their union—the mass of property which they represented, and the parliamentary eloquence by which their opinions were enforced. Never did the Whigs, since the palmiest days of Walpole, stand so well with the people as towards the close of Lord North's administration. It was not only that they comprised the greatest houses and the loftiest names in that more powerful section of our Aristocracy, by the aid of which William III. had achieved his throne, and the House of Brunswick secured its ascendancy; but during their penance in opposition, the questions they had advocated had restored them to the popular favor, which the Newcastle administration had lost. They had outlived the national prejudice excited against them by their early resistance to the American war. The public were as hostile to the continuance, as they had been favorable to the commencement, of that luckless struggle. Burke's great orations—in which the zeal of the partisan took the imposing accents of patriotism guided by philosophy—had produced a powerful effect upon the more calm and reflective minds which lend authority to popular opinion; and if the private errors of Mr. Fox himself scared the timid and shocked the decorous—errors palliated by youth, sanctioned by fashion, redeemed by social qualities at once loveable and brilliant, and leaving no stain upon the masculine virtues of sincerity, courage, and sense of honor—little impaired the effect of his genius upon an audience chiefly composed of men of the world, or upon the ordinary mass of the public, in an age that had made an idol of Wilkes. And that great orator, from the height of the position to which he had

stormed his way, could have seen little save the coronets of nobles, who smiled upon his progress, between himself and the loftiest place below the throne.\*

Nature bestowed on Mr. Fox the qualities which are certain to command distinction in popular assemblies. He possessed in the highest degree the temperament of the orator, which, equal to the poet's in intensity of feeling, is diametrically opposed to the poet's in the direction to which its instincts impel it. For the tendency of the last is to render into the ideal all which observation can collect from the practical, and the tendency of the first is to gather from the ideal all which can serve and adorn the practical. Hence logical argument is the death of poetry and the living principle of oratory. In the union of natural passion with scholastic reasoning Mr. Fox excelled all who have dignified the English senate. He required no formal preparation beyond that which a mental review of the materials of a question in debate suggested to a mind rich in a copious variety of knowledge, and so charged with intellectual heat that it needed but collision to flash instantaneously into light. Yet an intellect so active and a fancy so teeming as Mr. Fox's must have been constantly at work in the moments most apparently idle. Mr. Fox might have spent the night in a gaming house, hurried off to Newmarket at day-break, returned just in time to open a debate in the House of Commons—but who shall say that during those hours he had found no intervals in which his reason was arranging a course of argument, and his memory suggesting the appropriate witticism or the felicitous allusion? He was not only endowed with the orator's temperament, he was consummate in the orator's art; and whether in oratory, poetry, painting, or sculpture, no artist attains to that excellence in which effort concealed steals the charm of intuition, unless his art is constantly before him—unless all which is observed in ordinary life, as well as all which is studied in severer moments, contributes to the special faculties which the art itself has called into an energy so habitually pervading the whole intellectual constitution that the mind is scarcely conscious of the work which it undergoes. But perhaps of every art that of the parliamentary orator is the one in which the least

obvious sources supply the most popular effects. Even the gossip of commonplace minds furnishes a barometer of public prejudice to counteract or public opinion to respect. The talk of the clubs suggests the topics which will best tell with a party; while every man who narrates an anecdote or quotes a poem may suggest a grace to the discourse, an intonation to the voice, an effect to the delivery.

Those indeed notably err, who, judging only by the desultory social habits and dissipated tastes of Mr. Fox, conclude that his faculties attained their strength without the necessary toil of resolute exertion. The propensity to labor at excellence, even in his amusements, distinguished him throughout life. "At every little diversion or employment" (says his nephew Lord Holland), "chess, cards, carving at dinner, would he exercise his facultier with wonderful assiduity and attention till he had attained the degree of perfection he aimed at. It was this peculiarity which led him many years afterwards, when asked how he contrived, being so corpulent, to pick up the out-balls at tennis so well, to answer playfully, 'Because I am a very painstaking man.'" Perhaps it was this earnestness to excel, even in trifles, that conduced to his errors, and frittered away his robust powers of application. When persons accused him of idleness as a legislator, it was because he was fagging hard to be a fine gentleman. The exuberant vitality of his nature, like that of Alcibiades and our own Henry St. John, could not exhaust itself in a single field of ambition. Pleasure was essential to his joyous energies, but he could not take pleasure as a mere relaxation. He took it as an active pursuit, and sought, from that love of approbation which accounts for the frivolities of great men, to wring from the pursuit a distinction. If a gamester, — to be of gamesters the most reckless; if a rake, — of rakes the most daring. With Fox, too, labor was necessary for all achievements. Nature had not given to his person the beauty which allowed St. John to please without an effort, nor to his voice the felicitous music by which Chatham could sway the soul of an assembly. Therefore to be the prince of beaux and gallants in the drawing-room, or the speaker at whose rising members rushed to their seats or crowded the eager bar, demanded in Fox a degree of study and toil which were disguised by the outward ease with which superior strength smiles under its own exertions. And though, as we have before said, Fox required no formal preparation to make a speech, he had gone through elaborate preparation to become a speaker. Not only from his earliest boyhood had politics engaged his thoughts; not

\* At this time Fox *practically* led the opposition in the House of Commons, though he does not appear to have been formally recognized as the Whig leader in that House, to the deposition of Burke, until as a Cabinet Minister he naturally took precedence over his elder friend. At the death of Lord Rockingham, Burke, who had hitherto been regarded as the special representative in the House of Commons of that nobleman's opinions, had, by acquiescence in an office of inferior dignity, resigned the power, even if he retained the ambition, to contest Fox's supremacy as the successor of Lord Rockingham, and the chief of the Whig party in both Houses.

only before he was of age had he accomplished himself in the learning which best befits the orator, arms his memory with facts and enriches it with illustrations; but in the zest with which he entered into theatrical performances he was already meditating the effects which art might give to an utterance in itself unmelodious. And Lord Holland justly observes, "that the power of expressing passion by the tones of his voice had, no doubt, been brought to perfection by his exertions on the stage."\* But, more than all, Mr. Fox sought the excellence which practice alone confers in the arena in which his triumphs were to be achieved. The House of Commons has a kind of oratory so peculiar to itself that there is no greater misfortune to eloquent men on entering that assembly than to have matured the theory of their art (though they may well have established its groundwork) in any other school. It was his very success at the bar which injured the power of Erskine in the senate. And had Burke entered Parliament at that earlier age when the mind is yet keenly alive to the finer influences round it, he would never have incurred those faults of taste which so often offended his audience. The colors of genius are determined by the ray incident on the first prism, and the light once decomposed by refraction, no further refraction can again decompose. It was thus no subsidiary cause of Mr. Fox's parliamentary success that his taste formed its style in the House of Commons—an eloquence indigenous to the soil and not transplanted; its beauties and defects grew up together; and, as the first were those which could be most generally appreciated, so the last were those which could be most readily excused. Entering Parliament before he was of age, the ardor of his nature soon flung him into the thick of debate. For five years he spoke on every question but one, and he said he regretted he had not spoken upon that. But his earlier speeches were not long, like Burke's—they did not take the form of essays—they were so close to the matter of debate that the debate would have seemed incomplete without them. Thus the audience grew familiarized to faults which had a certain charm, not only because they imparted to effects that were learned at the theatre, but learned too well to appear theatrical, the air of natural passion and "negligent grandeur"—but because they gave to the merits which redeemed them the thrilling suddenness of surprise, and the orator was patiently allowed to splutter and stammer out his way into the heart of his subject, grappling, as it were, with the ideas that

\* Fox produced some of his most thrilling effects by what actors call "the run upon two voices," viz., suddenly sinking from his sharp, high key-note into a deep low whisper.

embarrassed his choice by the pressure of their throng, till, once selected and marshalled into order, they emerged from the wildness of a tumult into the discipline of an army. Mr. Fox was thus not only an orator, but pre-eminent an orator for the House of Commons. And though he gave to his invectives an angry and distempered enthusiasm which would not now be tolerated, and which even then was a gross defect that detracted from his authority and impaired his position; yet, upon the whole, his speeches were more characterized than those of any of his contemporaries by the tone of a man of the world, who, accustomed betimes to the best society, can be wise without pedantry, pleasant without flippancy, and is not vulgar even when he puts himself into a passion. Thus at the age of thirty one Charles Fox stood forth before the public—the foremost hero of an united, numerous, and powerful party; he himself, says Horace Walpole, "the idol of the people," adding to his advantages of intellect and position the inestimable blessing of an Herculean constitution, which no labors seemed to weary, no excesses to impair. Never did chief of a party inspire more enthusiasm among his followers, never was political sympathy more strengthened by personal affection. What became of that party, under the guidance of that leader? We shall see.

At this time a tall, slender stripling, ten years younger than Mr. Fox, with no social fame, with few personal friends, scarcely known even by sight to his nearest connexions, with manners that rather repelled than allured ordinary acquaintance, at once shy and stately with the consciousness of merits unrevealed, took his undistinguished seat below the gangway, and under the gallery, by the side of a young Whig county member (George Byng), who survived to witness the passing of the Reform Bill and attain the venerable distinction of Father of the House of Commons:

"Abstulit clarum cito mors Achilleum,  
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus."

Plain in feature, but with clear, gray, watchful eyes—with high and massive forehead, in which what phrenologists call the perceptive organs were already prominently marked—with lips which when in repose were expressive much of reserve, more of pertinacity and resolve, but in movement were singularly flexible to the impulse of the manlier passions, giving a noble earnestness to declamation and a lofty disdain to sarcasm—this young man sate amongst the Rockingham Whigs, a sojourner in their camp, not a recruit to their standard. He had, indeed, offered himself to their chief, but that provi-



dent commander had already measured for his uniform some man of his own inches, and did not think it worth while to secure the thews of a giant at the price of wasting a livery and disappointing a dwarf.

The incident is curious, and illustrative of reflections from which future leaders of the Whigs might deduce a profitable moral.

When William Pitt, in 1780, sought first to enter Parliament as a candidate for the University of Cambridge, he wrote to Lord Rockingham for his interest, and concluded his letter in words by which honorable men imply support in return for assistance. "I have only," writes the son of Lord Chatham, "to hope that the ground on which I stand, as well as the principles which I have imbibed, and which shall always actuate my conduct, may be considered by your lordship as some recommendation."

Will it be believed that the Marquis of Rockingham does not answer this letter dated the 19th of July till the 7th of August, and then makes no apology for the delay, but replies with laconic frugidity, "I had the honor to receive your letter some days ago. I am so circumstanced from the knowledge I have of several persons who may be candidates, and who indeed are expected to be so, that it makes it impossible for me in this instance to show the attention to your wishes which your own as well as the great merits of your family entitle you to."

That Lord Rockingham's interest might be preëngaged was natural, but he does not state it to be so; he implies *preference* to other candidates, but not *preëngagement*; and that, supposing he was "so circumstanced" as to render it "impossible" to aid his applicant in contesting the University, he should have found amongst the numerous boroughs at the disposal of the Whig leader no seat for a recruit whose very name would have been so important an addition to the Whig strength, and who might have served, as a connecting link between the Chathamites and the Rockingham party, argues grave deficiency in political tactics. But when Lord John Russell expresses eloquent regret that at a subsequent period Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox did not act together, we submit to him that—in rejecting overtures which had they been cordially accepted, would have necessarily made Mr. Pitt, on his entrance into public life, not the rival but the follower of Mr. Fox—Lord Rockingham if never less of a prophet was never more of a Whig. The Whigs are the Hebrews of politics. Regarding themselves as a chosen race, the privileges of their creed

are to be inherited at birth, not conceded to proselytes. They court no converts, even among those whom they aspire to govern. Over Edom they may cast their shoe, and Moab they may make their washpot; but no Tory from Edom and no Radical from Moab has a right to claim admission into the sacred tribes: in the eyes of the rulers of Israel, Lord Chatham's son was a—Gentile.

Thus, unpledged to any political chief, but imbibing from his father opinions irreconcilable with Lord North's administration, on the 26th February, 1781, Mr. Pitt first rose in Parliament in support of Burke's renewed bill for Economical Reform in the Civil List. It is a remarkable proof, which we do not remember to have seen observed, of Pitt's isolation from all sections of party, that Lord Shelburne's friends did not attend this debate, and that he was not therefore acting more in concert with them than with the followers of Lord Rockingham. Of this speech Lord North declared that it was the best first speech he ever heard. Lord John Russell considers it a signal instance of Mr. Fox's generosity, that he hurried up to the young member to compliment and encourage him in this "sudden display of talents nearly equal to his own." The praise of generosity is unmerited. Mr. Fox cannot be called generous, though he may justly be called wise, in applauding a young man for an admirable speech on a motion which Mr. Fox and all his party supported. An old member overheard the praise, and said, "Ay, old as I am, I expect to hear you both battling in these walls as I have done your fathers before you." The man of fashion, disconcerted by the awkward turn of the compliment, looked foolish; the boy lawyer answered with equal readiness and felicity of expression, "I have no doubt, General, you would like to attain the age of Methuselah." If we examine this first speech with some critical attention, and compare it with others known to have received Mr. Pitt's careful revision, there is good internal evidence, that not only its substance but its diction is preserved to us with sufficient accuracy to enable us to judge of the causes which assigned to it so signal a success. We can gather from it, first, the fact that the delivery must have been very striking, for it is precisely one of those speeches which ill delivered would have failed in effect, beyond the merit of the substance—well delivered would have obtained more applause than the substance itself deserved. It is always so in the House of Commons, where the language rises above the level tenor of debate, and the argument avoids apt personalities to grasp at general princi-

\* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, and his Contemporaries. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. Vol. II. p. 423.



ples. Take for instance passages like the following :

"They ought to have consulted the glory of their royal master, and have seated him in the hearts of his people, by abating from magnificence what was due to necessity. . . : It would be no diminution of true grandeur to yield to the respectful petitions of the people; the tutelage of that House might be a hard term, but the guardianship of that House could not be disgraceful to a constitutional King. . . . But it had been said that the saving was immaterial, . . . it proposed to bring no more than £200,000 into the public coffers; and that sum was insignificant, in the public account, when compared with the millions which we spend. This was surely the most singular species of reasoning that was ever attempted in any assembly. The calamities of the crisis were too great to be benefitted by economy! Our expenses were so enormous that it was ridiculous to attend to little matters of account! We have spent so many millions that thousands are beneath our consideration. We were obliged to spend so much that it was foolish to think of saving any."

A practised observer of parliamentary effects will at once acknowledge that sentences like the above, if spoken, especially by a very young man, with frigidity or feebleness, would fall flat on the ear as the rhetoric of schoolboy premeditation — while, if uttered with warmth, assisted by the earnest by-play of countenance and gesture — they would be as sure of loud cheers to-day as they were in 1781. The aid of delivery thus taken for granted, the speech justifies the impression it created — the language is precisely of that character which when well spoken the House of Commons is most inclined to admire — dignified, yet animated — pointed and careful, yet sufficiently colloquial — the beauties it avoids are those by which the House of Commons is least seduced. So with the matter — it embodies the generous sentiments, to which all popular assemblies the most willingly respond, in arguments that take the broadest objections of the adversaries, and do not fatigue attention by entrance into small details and subtle reasonings. More perhaps than all other elements for parliamentary success — the speech exhibits the two qualities which, when present, give repute to mediocrity, — when absent, impair the efficiency of genius, viz., readiness and tact.\* Waking thus "to

find himself famous," Pitt did not fall into the error by which Burke at the onset of his career had cheapened his eloquence and damaged his position. Pitt did not speak "too long and too often." Only three speeches of his in his first session are recorded; and when the session was over, he had done more than prove himself an orator — he was acknowledged as a Power. The very contrast between his years and his bearing but increased the respect which accompanied the popular admiration. Men regarded as a kind of sublime prodigy a youth so unbending to follies, and uniting such ample resources with such calm self-reliance. The solitude of his position rendered its height more apparent. He continued to hold himself aloof from the recognized chiefs of opposition. Fox and Shelburne alike might sue for his aid, neither one nor the other could lay claim to his allegiance. No doubt this reserve was in part the result of profound calculation. As yet it was only as a subordinate that he could have joined a party, and he who once consents to become a subordinate must go through the hackneyed grades of promotion before he can rise to be a chief. Let Genius pit itself boldly against Routine, and the odds are that it will win the race by the help of its wings. But if it seek its career in Routine itself, it must resign the advantage of its pinions, and trust to the chance of outwalking those two fearful competitors — Length of Service and Family Interest. It is true that the first is somewhat slow in its pace, but then it has ten years start on the road; it is true that the last cannot bear much fatigue, but then, instead of its own slender legs, it makes use of my lord's chaise and four! But if Pitt's isolation from the Whigs was due in part to his political sagacity, it was due also in part to his personal tastes. To a man of his temper there could have been no allurements in the brilliant society of the Whigs, with all the looseness of its wit, and all the license of its fashion.

Who can fancy William Pitt at his ease in the social orgies at Brookes', or amidst the gay coteries of Devonshire House, or exchanging jests with Sheridan, or in the levées

ship should have stated correctly the substance of the charge which the witticism at once barbed and interrupted. Pitt was not accusing the Minister, as Lord John says, "of grave neglects," but the Ministers in general of want of union. "Is it to be credited," he said, "that a Ministry ignorant of each others' opinions are unanimous? The absurdity is too monstrous to be believed, especially when the assurance is made at a moment when the Ministry are more dissatisfied than ever." Here that veteran placeman, Welbore Ellis, began whispering to Lord North and to Lord George Germaine, whose personal courage had been so gravely called in question; and Pitt, checking his inventive, said, "But I will pause till the unanimity is a little more settled — until" [here comes Mr. Adams' version of the happy taunt] "the Nestor of the Treasury Bench has composed the differences of Agamemnon and Achilles." — See *Hansard's Parl. Debates*, Vol. XX., p. 843.

\* Wraaxall erroneously ascribes to Pitt's maiden speech a sarcastic witticism which he spoils in the telling. Lord John Russell gives the words on the authority of Mr. Adams, but does not seem aware of the occasion on which they were delivered, and apparently antedates them. They were not uttered in Pitt's first session in Parliament, but the second, in going into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, Dec. 14, 1781. To give due force to the witticism, and to rescue it from the character of presumption, which Lord John's authority assigns to it, his Lord-

of St. James' Street, in which Fox, "his bristly black person and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, wrapped in a foul linen gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled, dictated his politics with Epicurean good humor" \*—there, where the principles of a loan and the assaults on a government were relieved by broad jokes on the last scandal, the slang of the turf, and the irreverent spectacle of the boyish heir to the crown imbibing lessons of royal decorum and filial reverence from the men whose ribald talk against his father was echoed back to the court from the gossip of every drawing-room and club; there—what figure would have been so inaccordant with the genius of the place as the stately son of Chatham, with his imperial tenacity of self-esteem and his instinctive deference for the fair proprieties of life? If it be unjust to suppose Pitt, especially in his youth, was any foe to mirth,—for the mirth of men of gallantry, men of fashion, men of polite morals, he was too austere in his principles, and too decorous in his tastes. We fear that we must allow that in such a society William Pitt would have been quizzed. As therefore his private temperament and inclinations were not attracted towards intimacy with the Whigs and their illustrious leader, so even where at that time he politically agreed with Mr. Fox, there was so essential a difference in the modes with which the two men treated the same questions, that their intellectual intercourse would have failed for want of sympathy. One distinction between them is pre-eminently noticeable: it continued throughout life, and contains much that made the one supported by the people even in his most rigorous enactments, the other deserted by the people even in his most popular professions. Mr. Fox identified himself with principles in the abstract, Mr. Pitt rather with the nation to which such principles were to be applied. The one argued and viewed the great problems of state chiefly as a philanthropist, the other chiefly as a patriot. This distinction is not merely theoretical—it affects the practical treatment of mighty questions. He who thinks with Mr. Pitt embraces for change the consideration of season, and refers a speculative principle to the modifications of practical circumstance. And the wisdom of such view of the art of

statesmanship is apparent in this, that where the politician avows it frankly, consistency is not violated nor a principle damaged, when he is compelled to say, "There are considerations connected with the actual time that will not allow me the safe experiment of a theory to which I am otherwise friendly." But where, on the contrary, the politician rigidly asserts that the principle he affects must be carried at all hazards; he loses character, and injures that principle itself, if, when he comes into power, he finds that he is no more able to carry it into law than the predecessor whose milder doctrine he had attacked as untenable. But whatever may be thought of the abstract superiority of either creed, there can be no doubt that, in action, the man who is more habitually seen to make his first object the interests of the nation, will obtain the greater degree of national support; and the man who works towards his end according to the instruments at his disposal will be more likely to achieve some positive result than he who, absorbed in shaping his object according to his own ideal, insists on a circle with tools only fit for a square.

It is unnecessary to narrate the events, or refer to the debates, of the two following sessions, till the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis' army and the fall of Minorca led to the resignation of the amiable minister who had borne with such easy good humor the assaults of his enemies and the disgrace of his country. Two public men then stood forth, pre-eminent for the royal selection of chief minister,—the Marquis of Rockingham and the Earl of Shelburne. The first has been singularly felicitous, the last singularly unfortunate in those elements of posthumous estimation, which the comments of contemporaries afford. The Whigs have been the chief annalists of that time, and they were as friendly to Rockingham as they were hostile to Shelburne. It is not from Lord Holland nor from Mr. Allen that we have a right to expect an accurate judgment of the man with whom Fox so vehemently quarrelled, and by whom, in the stage-plot of cabinets, Fox was so pleasantly outwitted. On the other hand, the grateful praise of Burke has assigned to Lord Rockingham a place among statesmen to which nothing in his talents or career affords any solid pretension. Lord Rockingham, indeed, was a man whose respectability of character must be not less frankly admitted than the inferiority of his capacities. We have read with attention Lord Albemarle's "Memoirs" of this wealthy nobleman, and the skill of the editor has rendered the reading very light and amusing, by keeping Lord Rockingham himself almost hid from the eye. The memoirs indeed would

\* Hor. Walpole. To which Lord Holland adds a note:—"This description, though of course a strong caricature, yet certainly has much humor; and I must needs acknowledge, from my boyhood recollections of a morning in St. James' street, has some truth to recommend it." Probably in 1783 the description had less caricature than when Lord Holland, at a later period of his uncle's life, recognized the partial truth of its outlines. Fox in his earlier youth, when serving under Lord North, had been remarkable for foppishness in dress. He adopted slovenly habits in espousing popular opinions.

be rendered still more amusing if, in a future edition, the marquis could disappear altogether. Bold as the doubt may be, we question whether Lord Rockingham, take him altogether, was not the dullest man whom England ever saw in the rank of first minister. "*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam*"—perhaps the natural sterility was redeemed by artistic culture? Flattering supposition!

"Horse racing," says Lord Mahon of this favorite of fortune, was his early passion and pursuit. He afterwards became a lord of the bedchamber, and was thought perfectly well fitted for that post. When in 1763 the idea was first entertained of appointing him to a high political office, the king expressed his surprise, "for I thought," said his Majesty, "I had not two men in my bedchamber of less parts than Lord Rockingham." Nevertheless in 1765 the ex-lord of the bedchamber was at the head of his Majesty's government—and that government is entitled to respect for the excellence of its intentions, nor less to our gratitude for the instructive lesson it bequeathed, viz. that excellent intentions unaccompanied by vigor and capacity can neither give permanence to governments nor avail for the guidance of States. Doubtless it is a merit in a sack to be clean, but a clean sack stands on end no more than a foul one—if it is empty. As a party adviser Lord Rockingham is said to have exhibited, in private, plain good sense and sound judgment: these qualities appear little in his correspondence, less in his actions, least of all in his speeches. In Parliament his highest efforts in his best days were but slovenly commonplaces dropped forth with painful hesitation. Latterly he had grown timidly averse to speaking at all, and had settled down to the confirmed state of a nervous valetudinarian. But whatever Lord Rockingham's defects, he had the great advantage which mediocrity alone possesses,—none of his party were jealous of him. He had another advantage in the high rank and the immense wealth which invest with imposing splendor the virtue of common honesty, and give to the sobriety that comes from constitutional languor the loftier character of sagacious moderation. At all events he was ingenuous and simple. "His virtues," according to Burke's epitaph, "were his arts." To sum up—no statesman living was more worshipped by his party—less beloved by his sovereign—was regarded by his country with more indifference—or inspired its enemies with less awe.

The Earl of Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) contrasted the notable tameness of Lord Rockingham equally by the greatness of his talents and the puzzling

complications of his character. Lord Holland tells us in one sentence that "the Earl had no knowledge of the world, but a thorough perception of its dishonesty;" and adds in the very next, that "his observations on public life were often original and just, and on individual character, shrewd, sagacious, and happy. I have known," continues Lord Holland, "few men whose maxims more frequently occur to my recollection, or are more applicable to the events of the world, and to the characters of those who rule it." Thus, again, while the same noble critic remarks, that "there was elevation in Lord Shelburne's character," and says, "I have observed traits of real magnanimity in his conduct;" he lends his sanction, in the "Memorials of Mr. Fox," to the grave imputation against the Earl of systematic duplicity—the vice, above all others, least compatible with "elevation of character" and "magnanimity of conduct," and implies that the statesman whose youth had been passed in the frank intercourse of camps, and who was allowed by his bitterest detractors conspicuous attributes of courage and decision of character, merited the nicknames of Jesuit\* and Malagrida.

The true secret of judgments so contradictory is to be found in this—Lord Shelburne's was one of those natures in which both merits and defects are more visible to the eye from the irregularity of the surface which draws and reflects the light. Morally and intellectually, he was eccentric and unequal. His earlier years had purchased military distinction at the cost of scholastic instruction. And in his after intercourse with those in whom he saw secret enemies or doubtful friends, he brought a great deal of the old soldier's caution; nor where he suspected the ambush did he disdain the stratagem. Of long-sustained intrigue he was incapable; but did he conceive a scheme, he could guard it with great closeness, and carry it by a *coup de main*. The politic dissimulation of a Jesuit he certainly had not; but, on occasion, he exhibited the wary astuteness of a Spartan. We must concede the justice with which Burke says of him in a private letter, that he was "whimsical and suspicious." But the whims arose from an intellect self-formed, arriving at its own results in its own way; and though often changing its directions, unaccustomed to the beaten track and the professional guide. And if he was suspicious, it must be owned that the charge

\* Lord Holland, in seeking to justify a charge that he can in no way prove, by bringing a nickname of the day in support of its probability, should have remembered that the same nickname of Jesuit was applied yet more familiarly to Edmund Burke; yet certainly no man was ever less entitled to that appellation in the sense it was intended to convey.

chiefly came from men whom he might reasonably think it somewhat imprudent to trust. Nor was this tendency of mind unjustified by the peculiar circumstances with which he was surrounded at various periods of his life. In early youth he had some cause to guard himself against his own family: in the noon of his ambition he saw on one side of him a hostile court, and on the other side a rival faction, whose aid was necessary to his advancement, and whose jealousies might compass his overthrow. But that he had, as Lord Holland asserts, "a mean opinion of his species," is scarcely in keeping with a political theory to which respect for mankind, and confidence in human virtue, make the necessary groundwork. "Lord Shelburne was the only minister I ever heard of," said Jeremy Bentham, "who did not fear the people." His political doctrines were indeed of a more philosophical and comprehensive character than those by which the Great Houses invited the aid of democracy to the dominion of oligarchs. He differed from Mr. Fox and the Whigs of that day in his attachment to the growing science of political economy. No public man then living better understood the true principles of commerce. Without sharing the extravagant doctrines of the Duke of Richmond, he was more sincerely in favor of a modified Parliamentary Reform than were the leading partisans of Lord Rockingham. But he had a thorough contempt for all the commonplace jargon bestowed on that subject, and rather held popular liberty essential to vigorous government, than the fascinating substitute for any government at all.

As a Parliamentary speaker, Lord Shelburne showed the same brilliant and eccentric originality which perplexed the judgment of contemporaries in their estimate of the man. He certainly did not speak like one accustomed to plot and inclined to dissimulate. Animation was his leading excellence. Often rash, often arrogant, careless whom he conciliated, whom offended — speaking with impetuous rapidity,\* like a man full of unpremeditated thought, warmed by passionate impulse — exposing himself both to refutation and ridicule, but "repelling such attacks with great spirit and readiness,"† all authorities concur in the acknowledgment that, in debate, he was generally very effective, and that at times his language itself, though generally unstudied, was felicitously eloquent. Indeed, there are passages in his speeches still preserved to us, which not one of our English orators has surpassed in the

hardy nobility of thought, and the masculine strength of diction. "He was," says Lord Holland, "a great master of irony; and no man ever expressed bitter scorn for his opponents with more art and effect." This is not the rhetoric of a Jesuit: in his vehemence as in his caution, Lord Shelburne was always the soldier.

Regarded purely as a party leader, Lord Shelburne had some of the highest requisites. "He was munificent and friendly," says Lord Holland, "even to a fault; none of his family or connexions were ever involved in any difficulty without finding in him a powerful protector and active friend." "He had discernment in discovering the talents of inferiors" — his person was prepossessing, and his manners, when unrestrained, were sufficiently cordial. On the other hand, as caution was not habitual to him, so he often counteracted its effects by a sudden indiscretion. Though so ready, he often failed in tact, and his energy, though prodigious, was rather fitful than sustained. Often a deep, but too much a solitary thinker, he could not act in sufficient concert with others. And the closeness with which he concealed his plans was partly connected with a reluctance to receive advice. With much kindness he had little sympathy. And as he lacked the art to conciliate opponents, so he scorned to recover friends whom an offence on their part or a misconception on his own, once estranged from his side. He was not revengeful, but he was not forgiving, or rather, if he forgave in his heart, he did not own it. In these less amiable and attractive attributes, favorably indeed contrasted by the son, who ultimately succeeded to his honors, and who yet lives to command the affectionate veneration of all, who, whatever the differences of party, can appreciate the nature in which a rare elevation and an exquisite suavity admit of no enmities, while cementing all friendships — and which, gracing by accomplished culture a patriotism not embittered by spleen nor alloyed by ambition, harmonizes into classic beauty the character of one with whom Lælius would have eagerly associated, and whom Cicero would have lovingly described — "*Ad imitationem sui vocet alios; ut sese splendore anima et vite sua, sicut speculum, praebeat civibus.*"\*

In the eyes of the King, Lord Shelburne possessed two merits which atoned for speeches that, if not disloyal, were certainly not flattering. First, though friendly to peace, he desired to effect it on terms that might least wound the dignity of the crown, and hesitated therefore to acknowledge unconditionally the independence of America. And

\* Fox says, in one of his later speeches, that Lord Shelburne spoke, like himself, very rapidly, and it was difficult for the reporters to follow him.

† Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party.

\* Lælius ap. Cic. de Republica. — Lib. ii. xiii.



secondly, though driven to act with Mr. Fox, he disliked him personally little less than the King did. Accordingly when George III. found himself compelled to choose between the Earl of Shelburne and the Marquis of Rockingham, the former obtained his preference. There was indeed some previous coquetting with Rockingham through the medium of a go-between, little gifted with the arts of seduction. Lord Chancellor Thurlow was sent to sound the Marquis, but without "authority" — the Marquis refused to treat — he came again — would the Marquis accept the administration and settle the terms afterwards? The Marquis gave a direct negative. The King was in a position that would have been actually impracticable had his obstinacy been such as it is popularly represented, for he had declared in a private letter to Lord North "in the most solemn manner that his sentiments of honor would not permit him to send for any of the leaders of opposition, and personally treat with them." "Every man," adds his Majesty, "must be the sole judge of his own feelings, therefore whatever you or any man can say will have no avail with me." But four days afterwards, a leader of the opposition was sent for to Buckingham House, and in three days more Lord Shelburne was empowered to form an administration. The Earl went straight to Lord Rockingham and offered him the Treasury and Premiership. "My lord," he said, with a candor little in unison with the duplicity ascribed to his character by Mr. Fox's friends, "you could stand without me, I cannot stand without you." The Marquis was a formalist in point of etiquette — he was disposed to decline, because the King had not sent for himself in person. Mr. Fox and the Duke of Richmond overruled his scruples, and the Marquis suddenly consented to have greatness thrust upon him. The King pocketed his honor as the great subject pocketed his pride, and so, after straining at Lord Shelburne, his Majesty swallowed Lord Rockingham. Exactly ten days from the date of the letter in which George III. so solemnly repeated his assurance that he could see personally no leader of the opposition — the chief of the Whigs kissed hands as first minister of the crown.

Never, considering the grave disasters of the country, did an English minister evince a less dignified sense of responsibility than the Marquis of Rockingham — never did the mind of professed patriot appear more narrowed into the petty circle of party jealousies — never did the diplomacy of a constitutional statesman, commissioned to secure the requisite authority to his counsels, and yet conciliate the favor of a reluctant king — so indulge in the spite that must gall his

master, and so admit the elements that must divide his cabinet. Had Lord Rockingham possessed "the sound common sense and clear judgment" which his admirers assign to him, his course was clear. In the necessary changes in court and state, such a man would have gracefully consulted the King's personal tastes and friendships, in appointments not affecting his policy, in order the more strenuously to insist upon the removal of political antagonists. Lord Rockingham did precisely the reverse. A harmless inoffensive nobleman held the office of mastership of the buckhounds. This nobleman the King loved as a peculiar friend; with him the royal intellect unbended in happier moments, and, forgetful of Whigs and Tories, discussed the adventures of the chase. Grimly my Lord Marquis insisted that the hounds should exchange their master, and the King lose his gossip. George III. stooped to personal entreaty, that this one appointment might be left uncancelled; in vain. He even shed tears — the Marquis remained inflexible — Europe and America were at war with England — and Lord Bateman was a necessary sacrifice to the deities of Peace.

On the other hand, if there were a man in the three kingdoms whose exclusion from the Cabinet should have been an imperative condition with the Whig minister-in-chief, it was Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The imperious lawyer had a hearty dislike for the Rockingham party; he was notoriously pre-opposed to the measures the Marquis was pledged to support. He was not a man to be swamped by the adverse members of a Cabinet, nor to be awed by the rank of a Rockingham or the genius of a Fox. By office he was the Keeper of the King's conscience; in point of fact the King was rather the keeper of his own. He was sure to report every difference, and exaggerate every error, to the Sovereign, who had accepted the government as a dire necessity, and whom its chief had turned into a personal enemy. Yet the same hand that fortified the stables against a Bateman left the door of the Cabinet unclosed against a Thurlow. But with that smallness of cunning which belongs to smallness of intellect, the Marquis contrived to shift upon Shelburne the responsibility of an appointment which he lacked the courage to resist. In giving a list of those he himself selected for the Cabinet, he left a blank for the office of Chancellor, apparently in compliment to the Earl, whose friendship for Dunning would incline him to offer the seals to that famous lawyer and influential debater. But his true object was, no doubt, to impose upon Shelburne the alternative either of resisting the King and mortally offending Thurlow, or of retaining the Chancellor, and



incurring the responsibility of an appointment odious to the Rockingham party. And perhaps Lord Rockingham, dull though he was, could scarcely have been so dull as not to foresee that, of the two evils, Lord Shelburne would choose the last, for the Earl had not the same stern causes to exclude the terrible Chancellor as should have weighed with his colleague. During all the preliminary negotiations, Lord Shelburne had been selected for personal conference with the King, and, as the representative of a party comparatively small to that of the Rockinghamites, the Earl might reasonably consider the royal favor too valuable an element of strength to be thrown away, while Lord Thurlow had been mixed up in the transactions conducted by Shelburne, and his very hostility to one portion of the Cabinet might not be without use to the other.\* Lord Shelburne therefore retained Lord Thurlow, and Lord Rockingham assented to the appointment. That in the blank left to Lord Shelburne to fill up, the Marquis had no desire to advance Dunning, became instantaneously clear, for when Lord Shelburne propitiated that eminent person to the loss of the Great Seal by elevating him to the peerage, with the Duchy of Lancaster, and a pension of £4000 a year, the Rockingham faction were seized with jealous resentment, and could not rest contented till they had counterbalanced the Shelburne dispensation of patronage, by raising to the peerage a partisan of their own, Sir Fletcher Norton. If Lord Rockingham was sincere in the expectation that Dunning would be raised to the Woolsack, the exceeding bitterness with which himself and the Whigs regarded the compensation afforded by the pension and peerage seems strangely misplaced. On the liberal party generally Dunning's claims were paramount. It was his motion on the power of the Crown which had most united the Opposition, and conduced to the downfall of the North administration. And not even Fox himself more commanded the ear of the House, or could less safely have been omitted from a share in the *spolia opima*. In brief, the more the history of the formation of the Rockingham government becomes clear, the more the general interests of the nation, and the nobler sagacity of patriots, appear to have been forgotten in the miserable jealousies of rival cliques. The grand object of the Whigs was avowedly less to consolidate the best government that could reform abuses and restore peace, than to maintain the dignity of their coterie against the encroachments of the Shelburn-

ites. One-half the Cabinet and one-half the subordinate appointments were rigidly to counterbalance the other half. The Government was thus composed much on the same principle of symmetry as that on which Browne constructed his gardens. If one tree was planted to shield from the north wind, another must be stuck into the ground just opposite, though it only served to shut out the south. If some eminent man was appointed by Lord Shelburne, some man, whether eminent or worthless, must be thrust in by Lord Rockingham. The envies and bickerings about garters and peerages, and places in the household, could they have been known to the public, would have lost forever, to the ambition of "the Great Houses," the sympathy of every masculine intellect. But the most fatal blunder of all was in the places severally assigned to Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox. "The Foreign Office was, in the improvident regulations of that day, divided between two secretaries of state: they presided over their respective offices, one of which embraced the north, the other the south of Europe and the colonies. The consequences were, that wherever a diplomatic agency was required for negotiation with joint powers, the same man was furnished with instructions from, and had to correspond with, two different principals;"\* as each of these principals employed respectively a separate servant in an affair which was or ought to have been substantially the same, it is clear that an arrangement, in which the will and the dignity of two co-equal officers of State were perpetually liable to clash with each other, unquestionably required either the most cordial confidence between the two ministers, or that the negotiations to be effected should appertain exclusively to one of the departments. The last was impossible at the formation of the Rockingham cabinet, in which the primary measures must needs be negotiations for peace with France, which was in the one department, and with America, which was in the other. The first condition thus became still more requisite, and in order to meet it, Lord Shelburne was made Secretary for the south department, and Mr. Fox of the north,—precisely the two men who, out of the whole junta, most disliked and most suspected each other. Thus to the ceremonial adjustment of conflicting dignities were alike sacrificed the union of the government and the cause of the nation.

Amongst all the partisans of Lord Rockingham, no one had claim to the veneration and gratitude of the ministers equal to Edmund Burke. His motion on Administrative Reform, and the matchless oration by

\* Thus Horace Walpole observes truly, "that Lord Shelburne having more of the King's favor than Lord Rockingham, the Chancellor would incline the same way."

\* Memorials of Fox, Vol. II.

which it had been prefaced, had given them their popular cry at the late election, and comprised the pith of their promises to the people. Lord Rockingham's obligations to Burke were beyond all conceivable estimate; they were such as some commonplace Chloe owes to the poet, who converts an original without a feature into an ideal without a flaw. Burke had taken this (doubtless respectable but) very ordinary nobleman up to the celestial heights of his own orient fancy, and re-created into the prototype of a statesman in times of grave national danger, a mortal whom, if shorn of fortune and titles, no party in a parish, divided on a sewer's rate, would have elected as its champion in the vestry.

It is true that Burke had exhibited along with the zeal of his ardent temperament, considerable defects in temper and in tact; but those are not defects that necessitate exclusion from Whig cabinets, provided the erring man can cover such stains on his dented armor, not with a veteran's cloak, but a herald's tabard. And whatever those defects might be, the chiefs of the party did not pretend that they sufficed to disqualify Burke for a deliberate adviser. "He had," says Lord John Townsend, "the greatest sway, I might almost say command, over Lord Rockingham's friends."\* They professed in private to respect his counsels; they excluded those counsels from a voice in the Cabinet. Lord John Russell, with the honorable sympathy of a man of letters, allows this slight to a man whom posterity regards, if not as the greatest orator of his age, still as the most luminous intellect that ever flashed on the windows of the "Great Houses," to have been "unwise and unjust." But he adds, in apology for his party, that it does not appear at the time that the exclusion of Mr. Burke was resented by himself or by any of his friends. This may be true of Burke's friends—the Whigs, who excluded him—not quite so true of himself.

"In a letter hitherto unpublished," observes Lord Mahon, in the 7th volume of his spirited and valuable History (p. 214), "Burke refers to his position at this time in a tone of great mortification, but with a kind of proud humility. 'You have been misinformed. I make no part of the ministerial arrangement. Something in the official line may probably be thought fit for my measure.'" And whatever Burke or his friends (Whig friends!) may have felt on the matter, there is no doubt that Mr. Prior in his life of the wronged great man says truly, that his exclusion from the Cabinet was a matter of "considerable surprise,"

and his acquiescence in the slight "certainly hurt his political reputation."\*

It must, however, be allowed, that the post assigned to Mr. Burke (that of the Pay Office) would have been the most lucrative in the gift of the Government upon one condition, viz., that he had forfeited all claim to public character in accepting its emoluments. For those emoluments the Administrative Reformer was pledged to resign,—and he did so.

The Rockingham administration, thus patched together, seems to have failed at once of parliamentary support. The Government could not command the necessary attendance for the transaction of its ordinary business. "The thin attendances," says Fox, "which appear on most occasions is very disheartening. On the bill for securing Sir Thomas Rumbold's property,† we were only 36 to 33." The insubordination of dependents were notable. On that very question the Attorney and Solicitor General were both against the Government leader. On another occasion Dundas, still Lord-Advocate, not perhaps in the best humor that he was not promoted to the Duchy of Lancaster instead of Dunning, galled Mr. Fox by a speech, "most offensive," complains the minister, "to me personally, by marking in the most pointed way the different opinion he entertained of the purity of Pitt's intentions and mine." Burke himself, not wholly uninfluenced, we suspect, by irritation at the slight at which he was too proud to complain, dealt a deadly side-blow to the Cabinet that excluded him. Mr. Fox had declared himself in favor of Parliamentary Reform, but, praising Mr. Pitt for his motion to that effect, hinted that it did not go far enough. Burke, with difficulty restrained from appearing in the House upon that occasion, came down a few nights after (on Alderman Sawbridge's motion for shortening parliaments), "attacked Mr. Pitt in a scream of passion, and not only swore that Parliament was, and always had been, precisely what it ought to be, but that all persons who thought of reforming it wanted to overturn the constitution." Perhaps, however, in this censure Burke exempted the intentions of Mr. Fox at the expense of that statesman's sincerity, for certainly neither then, nor at any time, had Mr. Fox any very serious intention of reforming Parliament, whatever he might say to the contrary.‡

\* Prior's Life of Burke, Vol. I. p. 463-5.

† This bill was important to the government measures: it was for restraining Sir Thomas Rumbold from quitting the kingdom or alienating his property pending the inquiry respecting his conduct at Madras.

‡ "Fox, than whom there has seldom existed a more hearty anti-reformer," writes Lord Dudley to the Bishop of Landaff. This assertion oversteps the exact truth; but

Mr. Fox was sometimes less ingenuous to the public than he was to his friends. Now, too, the ordinary punishment of those who are over-lavish in popular professions when storming a government befell the successors to that troublesome fortress. Fox had boastingly implied that, if he had the official power, he possessed the requisite means to detach the Dutch from the French. The Dutch received his diplomatic overtures with a frigidity that belied his predictions. He turned to the Americans; there, at least, the eloquence of their advocate was sure of a cordial reception, when commissioned to pacify and anxious to concede. Not a whit of it. The Americans were as sullen as the Dutchmen were phlegmatic. The minister charged with the glorious task of raising the dignity of England in the eyes of foreign states stooped to sue the Russian Czarina and the Austrian Emperor for their mediation between the parent country and the triumphant colonists. The Czarina replied by a personal compliment, the Emperor by a national insult. France and Spain, though in the last extreme of financial distress, refused to accede to the seductions of the Whig peace-maker. Peace falls rarely into the lap of those who ask for it on their knees. Peace has no force in her eloquence unless the trumpet precedes her heralds, and her flag does not carry respect if it droops from the crutch of a beggar. Just retribution! Salutory warning to those who depreciate the power of their country when seeking to damage a government! Men may justly advocate peace, however unpopular, when they hold war inexpedient or unrighteous. But in doing so, patriots will be wary how they tell the enemy that their country has no alternative between peace and destruction. Fox had so often declared in Parliament that England could not encounter her foes, that her foes believed him when he came in the authority of a King's minister with propositions of peace.

But the volumes edited by Lord John Russell contain a document which seems to us so to derogate from Mr. Fox's character as an English statesman, and his position as a Minister of the Crown, that even his warmest admirers may cease to regret that the dignity of the country was not long committed to his hands.

"It was," says Mr. Allen, "one of his (Mr.

according to the concurrent testimony of those best acquainted with Fox's genuine opinions, and indeed according to some passages in his own Correspondence, it is evident that he regarded the question of Parliamentary Reform with considerable scepticism as to its benefits or necessity; he looked on it chiefly with reference to the interests of his party—a change of suit which the country could very well do without, but which ought from time to time to be taken down from the shelf—aired, paraded, brushed—and put away again.

Fox's) first attempts to form a defensive confederacy in the North, by uniting Russia and Prussia with England, in opposition to the exorbitant ambition and insolent pretensions of the House of Bourbon. With that view he seems to have written the following letter to the King of Prussia. Through what channel it was to be conveyed does not appear, nor is it certain that it was ever sent; though from allusions in the following year to what had passed at this period, it probably was."

Willingly will we give to Mr. Fox's memory the benefit of the doubt. But the letter is printed from the draft in Mr. Fox's own handwriting; and we blush to think that a Minister of England could even have dreamed of placing before the eyes of a foreign potentate words that so depreciated his country, and so debased his King. A few extracts from this epistle, to which we can give no epithet but abject, entitled "Private Letter of Mr. Fox, written in order to be communicated to the King of Prussia," will suffice to show the intention and substance of the whole composition. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs thus begins:

"The assurances that you have given me, Monsieur, of the friendship which the King, your master, bears to the English nation, encourages me to write to you from my own impulse, and without having consulted any one on the actual state of affairs in this country. We are overwhelmed by the number and force of our enemies; and however becoming and glorious may be the defence that we count upon making against a Confederation as powerful as that which attacks us, it is to be feared that this glory will cost us dear, and that we shall find ourselves exhausted by the efforts we make, even if events take a turn more favorable than we have reason to hope."\*

Was this the language likely to secure to England the active friendship of a man like Frederick the Great?—

"It is true that the embarrassments that beset us are only the fruits of the numberless faults we have committed, and the bad system of policy we have long followed. But it is also true that whatever be the cause, it is of infinite importance to all the nations of Europe, more especially to those of the North, to prevent our succumbing to the House of Bourbon, which looks forward to a despotism over Europe with

\* "Les assurances que vous m'avez données, Monsieur, de l'amitié que le Roi votre maître porte à la nation anglaise, m'encouragent à vous écrire de mon chef, et sans avoir consulté personne, avec la plus entière confiance, sur l'état actuel des affaires de ce pays-ci. Nous sommes accablés du nombre et de la force de nos ennemis, et quelque belle et glorieuse que sera la défense que nous comptons faire contre une confédération aussi puissante que celle qui nous attaque, il est à craindre, que cette gloire ne nous coûte bien cher, et que nous ne nous trouvions épuisés par les efforts que nous ferons quand même les événements présentent une tournure plus favorable que nous n'avons raison d'espérer."

views much more solid and much better founded than at the time of Louis XIV., when all conceived of it so well-founded a jealousy.”\*

The impolicy with which this unworthy fear is confessed to a foreign power is worthy of the extravagant assertion, that the Bourbons were less formidable under Louis XIV. than under Louis XVI. We can imagine Frederick's sneer at his correspondent's sagacity :

“We embroiled ourselves with our colonies without reason, and after the rupture we conducted ourselves in the same spirit of imprudence and error as that which occasioned it . . . . We have had the madness to plunge into the war with Holland without reason, and almost without pretext. It is with shame, no doubt, that I make a recital so humiliating to my country ; but ”—(the excuse is noble !)—“the more we have been feeble, the more it becomes the duty and the interest of those who interest themselves in us to aid us as much by counsels as by other means.”†

Did George III. call Mr. Fox to his cabinet to supplicate the counsels of another sovereign ? But Mr. Fox thus additionally proves how he merits the confidence of his master, by revealing to the King of Prussia his estimate of the King of England.

“The consequences of the evil counsels that have been incessantly given to the King from the commencement of his reign, and to imprint as much as possible on his mind, are at present only too apparent to all the world. But, unfortunately, the evil is only discovered just at a time when it is very difficult to remedy it. What is to be done for that purpose ?”‡

Mr. Fox, then, with a naïve simplicity proceeds to state the difficulty of making any honorable peace with Holland, America, France, and Spain, and the greater difficulty of prosecuting against those powers any suc-

\* “Il est vrai que les embarras où nous nous trouvons ne sont que le fruit des fautes sans nombre que nous avons faites, et du mauvais système de politique que nous avons dès longtemps suivi ; mais il est vrai aussi que quelle qu'en soit la cause, il importe infiniment à toutes les nations de l'Europe et sur tout à celles du Nord d'empêcher que nous ne succombions à la maison de Bourbon, qui vise au despotisme de l'Europe avec des vues bien plus solides et mieux fondées que du temps de Louis XIV., quand tout le monde en avoit une jalouse si fondée.”

† “Nous nous sommes brüllés avec nos colonies sans raison, et après la rupture nous nous sommes conduits avec ce même esprit d'imprudence et d'erreur qui l'avoit occasionnée. . . . . Nous avons eu la folie de nous plonger dans la guerre d'Hollande absolument sans raison et quasi sans prétexte. C'est avec honte, sans doute, que je fais un récit si humiliant pour ma nation, mais plus nous avons été faibles, plus il devient le devoir et l'intérêt de ceux qui s'intéressent à nous, de nous aider tant de conseils que d'autres moyens.”

‡ “Les suites des mauvais conseils qu'on n'a cessé de donner au Roi depuis le commencement de son règne, et d'imprimer tant qu'on a pu dans son esprit, ne sont à présent que trop apparentes à tout le monde. Mais malheureusement le mal n'est découvert que dans un tems où il est bien difficile d'y remédier. Qu'y faire ?”

cessful war ; and reducing the gallant monarchy he represents to the condition of a despairing suppliant, exposing all her wounds, rending her purple into rags, and covering her crown with dust and ashes, thus bids her, through his mouth, address the most heartless and cynical philosopher who ever despised the weak and respected the strong :

“Whom then address, if not him whose friendship has availed us so much in more fortunate times ; who knows perfectly the embarrassment in which we find ourselves—who has the enlightenment to penetrate its causes—who alone can indicate to us the means by which to extricate ourselves, and who, doubtless, recalls with complaisance the time when the two nations acted in concert—an epoch certainly not the least illustrious of his reign. It is, then, from him that I dare demand counsel and support in the present circumstances.”\*

Mr. Fox, then suggesting, with infinite humility, some general notions upon the objects to be attained—and intimating that the first step which his Prussian Majesty could make in our favor would be to persuade Russia “to sustain the honor of her mediation, and to be a little more attentive to the affairs of England than she had been”—winds up by deferring, nevertheless, all such preliminary measures to “the prudence, justice, and depth of intellect” which distinguish this foreign despot : and repeats that he, Member of the Cabinet, has written without concert with his colleagues or with any one.

Now, granting that all said upon the exhaustion of our resources, or the evil of the counsels which our Sovereign had imbibed, were perfectly true, the place to state such facts might be in the Parliament of England, where Mr. Pitt would have stated them with crest erect. But surely no Minister of the Crown—no Englishman proud of England—should have made a foreign potentate the father confessor to the infirmities of his country and the errors of his King.

Whig historians complain that Lord Shelburne was too suspicious of Mr. Fox in his foreign diplomacy—George III. too narrow-minded to appreciate the genius of so judicious a counsellor—but let any high-spirited Englishman read that letter, from which we have quoted not unfairly, and on which Lord John Russell, we regret to say, utters not one word of concern or reproach,

\* “A qui donc s'adresser si ce n'est à lui dont l'amitié nous a tant valu dans des tems plus heureux, qui connaît parfaitement l'embarras où nous nous trouvons, qui a des lumières pour en pénétrer les causes, qui seul peut nous indiquer les moyens d'en sortir et qui sans doute se rappelle avec complaisance le tems où les deux nations agissaient en concert, époque certainement pas la moins illustre de son règne. C'est donc à lui que j'ose demander conseil et appui dans les circonstances présentes.”



and we suspect that he will acquit Lord Shelburne, and even pardon George III. No success could attend overtures so object to a monarch so selfish. Mr. Allen observes drily, "that the King of Prussia was too old and too cautious to embark in new and hazardous undertakings."

While abroad our affairs were thus circumstanced and thus conducted, the Rockingham administration but partially attempted the domestic reform its members in opposition had so eloquently urged. Considering all that had been said against the increased and increasing influence of the Crown—when the evil was only met to the extent of a bill that disqualified contractors for seats in Parliament, and revenue-officers for votes in parliamentary elections—the public felt that the quantity of the wool was scarcely worth the loudness of the cry. But the measure was bold and sweeping, compared to the timidity and smallness of the economical reforms that had stormed the last Government with the swell of a torrent and oozed from its successors in the penury of dribblets. Burke's boasted saving of £200,000 a year dwindled down to a sum little over £73,000. The Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall remained to shame the felicitous humor with which the orator had described their futility. The ordnance-office, the mint, various places in the household denounced by Burke's eloquence, were spared by his amendments—if odious to patriotism, they were convenient to patronage. Burke had the mournful consolation of reforming his own department. No similar consolation was sought by his brother reformers. If the economical reforms, under a Whig premier, were timorously conceived and sparingly executed, the administration of the finances, under a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, was yet more discreetly free from the rashness of improvement. For an office at that time requiring no ordinary genius, the party of the great Houses had naturally enough selected a Cavendish, distinguished alike by sobriety of manners and mediocrity of intellect. This amiable nobleman—familiarily styled "the learned Canary Bird"—whom Horace Walpole has unjustly accused of ambition, had, not without well-founded diffidence, yielded to the pressure of friends nobly anxious to place the national resources under the control of a man whose connexions might reflect their own elevation on the funds. The full results of so judicious a selection were not apparent till the appointment was renewed under the coalition administration.

We have thus dwelt at some length on the characteristics of the Rockingham Government, because it is necessary to see all that it promised to effect before we can fully com-

prehend the apathy with which an ungrateful country subsequently resigned itself to administrations from which the Whigs were excluded, and because a due contemplation of the idiosyncrasies peculiar to "the Great Houses" in the junction between the Whigs proper and the disciples of Lord Chatham may throw some light on the interior of a more recent cabinet, in which the Whigs divided with men who were to Peel what the Shelburnites were to Chatham, the honors their genealogy entitled them to monopolize, and have never been quite right in the head since they were unhappily seized with that fit of condescension—

"Nulli sua signa, suosque  
Ductor, — eant taciti passim!"

In this brief period of power Mr. Fox vainly concentrated the various energies of his genius. He renounced his gay habits—that desultory attention to business, which passed under the name of indolence—he was indefatigable in the transaction of official affairs—more than at any time of his life he kept his warm and impulsive temper under dignified control. His eloquence was less vehement but not less effective. Yet even as a parliamentary leader he must have failed somehow in that indescribable, yet indispensable quality which conciliates or commands into discipline inert or unruly members. With a government just formed, in the very honeymoon of official possessions, we have seen that he could not enforce a requisite attendance. His subordinates were mutineers. He neither awed the House like Chatham nor soothed it like North. The Commons admired a man of genius, they did not bow to a master. Inferior though Lord Shelburne was to him as a parliamentary orator, and small though in numbers and in property as was the Shelburne party in comparison with that of which Fox was the organ, Lord Shelburne was more than Fox's match in the Cabinet. True, the King was inimical to Fox, but by one of those grievous errors in conduct by which the great orator belied his repute for good sense, and counteracted the efforts of his vehement ambition, he seated the King's dislike to him in the deepest recess of the human heart. The Prince of Wales treated his father with an irreverence which furnished every club-house with pungent anecdotes. In becoming the father's official councillor Mr. Fox remained the son's chosen companion. The King perhaps overrated Fox's influence over the heir-apparent, and unjustly ascribed to the example of the matured man of intellect and fashion the excesses of a youth who coupled contempt the most galling for his father with admiration the most glowing for the friend with



whom his pleasures were shared, and by whom his opinions were colored. But it is obvious that there was only one condition on which Mr. Fox could have united the confidence of the King with the intimacy of the Prince, viz. a reconciliation between the two. This he took no direct pains to effect, and after conceding all that can be said on behalf of the warmth of Mr. Fox's personal friendships—a friendship which impairs utility, implicates character, is founded on no esteem, and endeared by no worthy association, still remains a grievous error of conduct in a man who, embracing the stern career and coveting the high rewards of a practical statesman, must learn to adapt all his means to the attainment of necessary objects, and sacrifice everything but his honor and his conscience to the service which unites the advancement of his ambition with the interests of his country.

Meanwhile, between the Government and the Opposition, in armed neutrality, stood William Pitt. He had been offered by Lord Shelburne—not by the conclave of the Great Houses—various subordinate places in the New Government. One of them, that of Irish Vice-Treasurer, was very lucrative, and William Pitt was very poor. He had too much reliance on himself to accept a subordinate office. He had said so in the House three weeks before Lord Rockingham formed his Cabinet, and the wits smiled at the young man's arrogance. If we are to believe Horace Walpole and an anecdote transmitted to us at third hand by Lord Albemarle, he repented the boast as soon as it passed his lips; yet the boast was wise in itself, for genius is a commodity of which the commonalty of men do not know the precise value, and its price in the market is very much regulated by the estimate set on it by the possessor himself. But the isolated position in which the young orator thus placed himself was one that required, to maintain it, not only lofty capacities, but extraordinary prudence. All those with whom he had voted since his entrance into Parliament were supporters of that Government from which he remained aloof. The Opposition was composed of the friends of Lord North, whose Administration he had assisted to overthrow. Never did any man of mark and repute stand in Parliament so wholly without the aid of party, the advice of friends. And to make the situation yet more difficult, never in that House, in which the habit of affairs and knowledge of the world seem qualities for sustained success, more essential than the learning of the mere scholar or the eloquence of the mere orator,—did a man aspire to a foremost rank with so slender an experience of parliamentary business,

and so stunted a commerce with the social varieties of mankind. Yet here he most succeeded, where Mr. Fox, in the maturity of his manhood, trained in political conflict, and familiarized by travel, by his pleasures not less than his studies, to human character in all its colors, and human life in all its gradations—notably failed,—viz. in the seizure of circumstances, the practical sagacity to which we would give the name of “conduct,” and by which results that amaze the strongest are obtained, less by the violence of the effort than the equilibrium of the forces.

The friends of Parliamentary Reform, in a meeting held at the Duke of Richmond's, had agreed to place that important question in the hands of Mr. Pitt; perhaps it was the only matter connected with the question on which they were agreed. A letter from Lord Rockingham to Mr. Milnes (great uncle of the accomplished member for Pontefract), who enjoyed the reputation of influencing more dissenters and drinking more port wine than any man in the county of York, shows how much confusion prevailed on the subject, whether in the mind of the writer or the projects of the Reformers.\* In fact, the supporters of Parliamentary Reform consisted mainly of two great divisions—the impracticable and the insincere. Pitt treated the difficulties that beset the question with consummate skill in reference to his own views and position. He contrasted the insincere by his earnestness, and the impracticable by his moderation. He limited the object of his motion to the appointment of a committee of inquiry, and prefaced it by a speech, in which there was a marked avoidance of all the theories espoused by the Democratic party, and a very temperate but manly exposition of the abuses he desired to remedy. Politicians may differ as to the soundness of the ideas Mr. Pitt, at that time, entertained on this subject, but those who accuse him of deserting the question in later life should at least remember that his idea of a Parliamentary Reform was always eminently conservative. His views indeed are only indicated in his first speech; they were, not long after, made unmistakably clear. In suppressing the rotten boroughs, though he would have unquestionably diminished the Government influences, he would have proportionally increased those which protect national institutions. In every form of government the enduring element is in the cultivators of the soil. With them rests the most stubborn resistance to the encroachments of tyranny on the one hand, of popular license on the other. Pitt's theory of Reform, which was to give

\* Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham, by Lord Albemarle, Vol. II. p. 375.

to the counties the members taken from the close boroughs, might be fairly open to the objection that it did not allow sufficient room and play to the innovating spirit which rises amidst urban populations, and is no less essential to progress and energy than a conservative equilibrium, through agrarian representation, is to safety and duration; but it does not subject him to the charge of advocating at one time the democratic innovations he resisted at another. His views, then, were not less opposed to those of the Duke of Richmond than they were subsequently to those of Mr. Grey.

The Government reeled under a motion, in which its supporters divided against its leader in the Commons and vanquished him. "Our having been beat upon Pitt's motion," writes Mr. Fox (who voted for it, but if treating of the Cabinet should rather have said *my* than *our*), "will, in my opinion, produce many more bad consequences than many people seem to suppose." A little later Mr. Pitt placed Fox himself on the unpopular side, supporting Lord Mahon's bill against bribery and expense in the election of members, which Mr. Fox defended by his speech, and which despite of Mr. Fox had a majority of one in its favor. It was withdrawn on re-committal by the rejection of its severer clauses—that in especial, which forbade a candidate to pay for the conveyance to the poll of non-resident electors; Mr. Fox on this occasion having the large ministerial majority of twenty-six!

But while thus fearlessly advocating his opinions, Mr. Pitt was singularly felicitous in making no enemies. The Government were compelled, and the Opposition were eager, to praise the man who stood committed to neither; and the public, long accustomed to see its ablest favorites going all lengths with a party, learned to regard with esteem this solitary thinker, who, exposing the jobs of the Court, spoke in respect, never servile, of the King, and who, advocating popular opinions, never pushed them into heated extravagance. It was, apart from his eloquence, this apparent fairness of intellect—this combination of courage and prudence—this superiority over the ordinary motives of hackneyed politicians—this freedom from party spleen—this indifference, not to personal ambition but to personal profit—this severe independence of spirit akin to this singleness of action—which fixed the eyes of the country upon the young lawyer who preferred even a briefless attendance at Westminster Hall to the emoluments of office not accompanied with the responsibilities of power.

Meanwhile "the progress of dissension and mutual alienation in the Ministry"

made inevitable the speedy dissolution of a body so organically afflicted. The main political difference between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox may serve to illustrate that peculiarity in the character of the latter which we have before intimated, and which induced him to prefer the maintenance of an abstract principle to the practical consideration of what was best for his country. Mr. Fox was for making the unconditional declaration of American independence previous to any treaty of peace; Lord Shelburne was for equally conceding the declaration, but for making it conditional on the absolute conclusion of the peace. If Mr. Fox had been the philosophical advocate of the human race, we think Mr. Fox would have been right in his view; but as the minister charged with saving the honor and guarding the interests of England, there can be no doubt that the course he preferred was the more wounding to the national dignity and the more careless of the national welfare. For it was surely less galling to the spirit of the mother country, and placed her in a higher position before the eyes of the continental powers, to recognize the independence of her ancient colony as an essential article in the general pacification of Europe, than to separate the revolt of the colonists from the hostilities of the European States, and acknowledge by an unconditional surrender the defeat of her arms and the injustice of her cause. To abandon all claim to a supremacy for which, right or wrong, its people had long contended with an ardor that justified the pertinacity of its King, was necessarily a heavy blow to the majesty of a state that could only be great in proportion as it commanded the moral respect of neighbors with larger armaments and more extensive dominions; but the blow was less accompanied by contumely if the concession were made not alone to the demands of victorious insurgents, but to those of combined nations and for the restoration of universal peace: while as to the question of that presiding regard for the national interest and safety, which the councillors of all states at war with others have no right to relinquish for the abstract principle of the schools, the reasoning which General Conway addressed to the Cabinet seems unanswerable, viz., "that the acknowledgment of independence might be a leading argument with the Americans for making peace with us; but should they refuse peace, should we not weaken our right of warring on them by having acknowledged their independence?" A difference of this nature between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox was naturally aggravated by the conflicting duties of their offices: Mr. Fox, as one of the Foreign Secretaries, having his correspondent at Paris in Mr. Thomas

Grenville, who was authorized by the entire Cabinet to negotiate peace with M. De Vergennes; and Lord Shelburne, as the other Foreign Secretary (under whose department the Colonies actually were), having his correspondent in Mr. Oswald, who had previously been in communication with Franklin, and whom Franklin himself especially desired to retain and avowedly preferred to Mr. Grenville. "That," in the words of Lord Holland, "Lord Shelburne discussed, entertained, and communicated through Mr. Oswald with Franklin several projects of the latter without communicating them to his colleagues, and especially the strange one of ceding Canada to the United States, is clear enough." But Lord Holland omits to observe, on the other hand, that Mr. Fox was not only holding private communications with Mr. Grenville, equally unknown to his colleagues, but that he had been no less privately communicating with the Secretary of Ireland unknown to Lord Shelburne, with whose unquestionable department he thus interfered; and that he had written, and according to Mr. Allen had sent, to the King of Prussia, a document involving the most obvious responsibilities owed by a member of the Cabinet to his Sovereign, unknown to a single one of the other advisers of the Crown. Granting that Lord Shelburne was not sufficiently ingenuous, Mr. Fox, therefore, seems to us to have disqualified himself from complaints of reserve, still less of duplicity. And after wading through all the tedious and complicated evidences on either side, we think the most that can be said against Lord Shelburne is this, that in his anxiety to obtain the best terms he could for his sovereign and his country, he sought with too guarded a secrecy to prevent Mr. Fox from concluding what he held to be the worst.\* Be that as it may, Mr. Fox was outvoted in the Cabinet upon the construction to be put on a minute of instructions to Mr. Grenville, which embodied the whole public question at issue between himself and Lord Shelburne, General Conway (on the ground we have stated) giving his casting vote against Mr. Fox's opinions. From that moment the great orator resolved to retire. According to the best authority (the journal of his friend, General Fitzpatrick), he notified this intention on Sunday, June 30th. The next day, after a week's illness, the Marquis of Rockingham died.

Horace Walpole considers it "a puerile

\* For, as to the cession of Canada, no one can suspect Lord Shelburne or George III. of having seriously inclined to such a proposal. It was competent to Franklin to make it, but there is not the slightest evidence that Lord Shelburne for an instant favored the idea. And he might have very good reasons in his disapproval of it not to submit the proposal to a cabinet in which he might fear it would find supporters.

want of policy in Lord Rockingham's friends not to have seized the opportunity of his lordship's approaching dissolution to take measures for naming his successor." The reproach is scarcely merited. Lord Rockingham's friends were much too disunited for such amicable preliminary concert; but no sooner did the fatal event compel the Great Houses to elect their new representative, than they formed their decision with the consistency of rigid sectaries, and adhered to its consequences with the tenacity of faithful martyrs. Who, in times so disordered, was the fittest person to preside over the councils of England?—evidently a minister who could resemble the illustrious defunct in his pre-eminent attribute of being at once the greatest lord and the dullest man. Accordingly, within two days of Lord Rockingham's death, they set up for first minister the Duke of Portland. "True that his fortune, though noble, was considerably impaired; in *other respects*," says Walpole, with unconscious irony, "his character was unimpeachable. But," adds that sarcastic observer, "he had never attempted to show any parliamentary abilities, nor had the credit of possessing any. Nor did it redound to the honor of his faction that in such momentous times they could furnish their country with nothing but a succession of mutes." Mutes! but that was the merit of the faction. The faction had more than enough of talkers, and no talker liked to allow another talker to be set above him. All jealousies could be best settled by selecting a man who might be chosen for those qualities by which no one who plumes himself on intellect ever boasts to be distinguished. The marvellous abilities of Mr. Fox appeared to some few of his personal friends—and, to our amaze, they appear still to the cool retrospect of Lord John Russell—to constitute superior claims to the succession of Lord Rockingham. Mr. Fox himself knew his party too well to misjudge so egregiously the qualities that guided their preference. He was aware, to use his own expression, "that he was quite out of the question;" nor did the faction as a body demur to the justice of that modest conviction. The ruined cadet of a race which could not on the father's side trace its pedigree beyond three generations might do very well to lead the Commons of England; but, as first Lord of the Treasury, his were not precisely the hands from which the Great Houses would feel a pride in receiving garters and gold sticks. But Mr. Fox, on his mother's side, had an uncle of dual rank and royal blood—an uncle of manners the most noble, of bearing the most chivalric—"of great capacity for business, and a still

greater appetite for employing it." The Duke of Richmond, to whom we refer, did not, therefore, like Mr. Fox, think himself "out of the question." But the Duke had two or three trifling defects, which combined to unfit him for the choice of the Great Houses. In spite of his rank his opinions were popular; and in spite of his graceful manners and a "thousand virtues" he himself was just the reverse. He was "intractable," he had a will of his own; he was apt to have "speculative visions, and was particularly romantic upon the article of representation." In short, the Duke of Richmond was set aside. And Fox and the Duke being thus dissolved in the Whig crucible, nothing remained but that *caput mortuum* his Grace of Portland.

The intrigues of this interesting crisis have an exquisite air of high comedy. The Whig junto having agreed that the Duke of Richmond was to concede his claim to the Duke of Portland, who, above all men, was selected to tell him so?—who was to be the simpler Bouverie to that more vain Lord John? The Whigs appointed Mr. Fox; and, "being his Grace's nephew, the Duke," says Walpole, with the shrewdness of a man of the world, "was most offended with him." With the *bénignité* of a child Mr. Fox undertook the task of alienating from his party one of its ablest chiefs, and from himself his most powerful relation. Horace Walpole was present in one of the meetings between uncle and nephew, and informs us that "he entertained both to argue without passion, and to remember that, being such near relatives, they must come together again." "I did prevent any warmth," adds that most cynical of peacemakers, "and they parted civilly, though equally discontented with each other." It must have been a yet more amusing scene "when Lord Shelburne was desired by the voice of the party to acquaint King George III. that the Whigs recommended the Duke of Portland to his Majesty to succeed Lord Rockingham." The Earl had previously foiled Mr. Fox's opposition in the cabinet with a sort of well-bred humor which seems to imply a cordial enjoyment of his part in the play. When General Conway, on whom the Rockingham faction, despite his superb pretensions to be above all considerations of party, had certainly counted as their own, gave in that cabinet of nine his independent vote, much to that faction's annoyance, quoth Lord Shelburne aside to Mr. Fox, "That innocent man never perceives that he has the casting vote of the cabinet!" Again says the Earl smilingly to his baffled rival, "Very provoking, I must own, for you to see Lord Camden and the Duke of Grafton come down with their

lounging opinions to outvote you in cabinet." Accordingly, with his accustomed dry delight in a joke, Lord Shelburne accepted the mission to report to the King the decrees of the Whigs; and, returning, reported to the delegates that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint as first Lord of the Treasury—the Earl of Shelburne himself.

Though the announcement could not have been unexpected, it produced the effect of a bomb upon a company of gazers only prepared for the ascent of a rocket. Fox would listen to no remonstrance; he carried at once the seals of his office to the King, complained loudly of Lord Shelburne's "treacheries," and proclaimed, as it were, his contempt for the royal favor he had lost, or his hopes in royal favor prospective, by receiving at dinner that very day the Prince of Wales as his guest, and allowing his partisans to circulate the soothing intelligence that the Heir Apparent regarded "the Rockingham party as the best friends of the country." Lord John Cavendish alone of the members of the cabinet imitated the example of Mr. Fox. The three other Whigs by profession, Keppel, Conway, and the Duke of Richmond, remained in office; each professing to share Fox's distrust of Lord Shelburne, but each, by remaining, and upon the avowed grounds of public duty, implying a censure on those who retired. Never before did a parliamentary leader make a movement of equal importance with so little approval and so scanty a following, or upon grounds less calculated to compensate in the sympathy of the people for the detriment inflicted upon party. "My opinion," writes Lord Temple to his brother Thomas, "is that Fox has undone himself with the public, and his most intimate friends seem of the same opinion." The blow to the Whigs which the hasty back-stroke of their chief inflicted was indeed so mighty, that it scattered them right and left. The policy of the Whigs as a party was evidently either to absorb the Shelburnites into their own body, or to destroy Lord Shelburne's personal influence as an obstacle to that fusion. The course taken by Mr. Fox transferred to Lord Shelburne all whom interest, ambition, or sense of public duty enlisted on the side of the Government. And by that single act Mr. Fox, viewing him only as a party chief, lost at least one-third of the numbers, and a far greater proportionate amount in property, rank, and character, of the party committed to his guidance. His resignation may have been necessitated. Mr. Fox might feel that he could not with honor serve under Lord Shelburne. But since so many of his friends

\* Courts and Cabinets of George III. Vol. I. p. 52.



retained their offices, and remonstrated against his own decision, prudence demanded that his retirement should be made with temperance and dignity. Preserving in Parliament the attitude of a vigilant neutrality, he might thus have retained his friends, whether in or out of office, while asserting his own independence. But Mr. Fox here manifested to the fullest extent his characteristic errors of conduct. He began at once "an opposition wofully thinned and disconnected,"\* and to that opposition he gave all the rancor and vehemence which could justify his opponents in ascribing his motives to personal spleen and mortified ambition. On this score Lord John Russell writes well:—"Conceding this point [that Mr. Fox's resignation was almost inevitable], it must be owned that the field of battle was the worst that could be chosen. Lord Shelburne, the friend and colleague of Lord Chatham, the Secretary of State under Lord Rockingham, a man of tried acquirements and undoubted abilities, was personally far superior to the Duke of Portland as a candidate for the office of prime minister."—"The choice of a prime minister against the choice of the Crown, and that in the person of a man whose rank and fair character were his only recommendations, appeared to the public an unwarrantable pretension, inspired by narrow jealousies and aristocratic prejudices."

This was, however, the ground which Mr. Fox selected. From this ground he fulminated on the Government—in which the most eminent of his recent colleagues remained, which a large and influential number of his recent followers supported—an artillery of eloquence startling by the explosion of its powder, harmless by the misdirection of its ball. He not only accused Lord Shelburne of duplicity to himself, but insulted those just severed from his side by declaring it was "impossible to act under the Earl with honor or benefit to the country." He ventured to prophesy "not only that Lord Shelburne would still be opposed to the independence of America, but that in order to maintain himself in power the Earl would be capable of that extremity of baseness—a coalition with Lord North!"

What followed is notorious. Mr. Fox himself coalesced with Lord North; and that coalition was first proclaimed to the world in denouncing the treaties for a peace which Mr. Fox had so solemnly invoked throughout the phases of his opposition to Lord North's Government, and which as a minister himself he had pushed diplomacy to the extreme of supplication in order to

effect! The peace itself was more honorable to the country than that which Mr. Fox would have effected. Lord Shelburne carried his point. The acknowledgment of American independence was made by an article in the treaty, not by a previous declaration. Nothing further was heard of the cession of Canada. But he who wishes to see the vindication of that peace and its provisions must turn to the great speech in their defence against Fox, which in tone and argument is one of the noblest ever uttered by Pitt. But let us glance for a moment over the condition of parties before Fox committed himself to the formal coalition with Lord North. In point of numbers the new Government was far weaker than that out of which it had grown. According to a calculation made to Gibbon, who reports it, the supporters of Ministers did not muster more than 140; the Fox party was estimated at 90; Lord North's at 120, the Members not thus classified were considered uncertain. But there were an energy and a decision of purpose in the foreign negotiations of Lord Shelburne's Government which had not characterized its predecessor. And the Earl had overcome the strongest difficulty of all in the way of peace—*atrocem animum Catonis*—the stubborn reluctance of George III. Vigor, indeed, was Lord Shelburne's eminent attribute. "I will do him justice," says Lord Temple (after censuring the Earl's vanity and personal arrogance), "in acknowledging his merit as one of the quickest and most indefatigable Ministers that this country ever saw." The Cabinet itself was but provisional; Admiral Keppel soon left it. "The Duke of Richmond," says Lord Temple, "only determined to go on till the first breach on fair public grounds;" and (according to Horace Walpole) "told the King that, though he would keep the Ordnance if the King desired it, he would go no more to council." Of Lord Shelburne's own special party, Lord Camden, pleading his advanced years, would only pledge himself to retain office for three months, and the Duke of Grafton went discontented into the country, and subsequently left the Government just before its dissolution. Here Lord Shelburne's defect in conciliating those with whom he had to deal became seriously apparent. Only on one member of this Cabinet, except his personal friend Dunning (now in the Upper House as Lord Ashburton), could the chief minister count with confidence, viz. the young man whom he had at once raised to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt. The leadership of the House of Commons was nominally vested in Thomas Townshend, Secretary of State; but it was Pitt who took the prom-

\* Sheridan's Letter to Thomas Grenville, Courts and Cabinets of George III. Vol. I. p. 53.



inent part in the defence of the Government and the conduct of business. But great as his own powers were, Pitt himself felt that a Ministry thus formed and supported could not last. The peace, however necessary, was in itself unpopular. The Government could only secure a majority in the House of Commons in its favor by a junction with one of the two parties which were both convinced of the impracticability of continued war—the Foxites and the Northites. Lord Shelburne was urged by some of his friends to coalesce with the last, by others to unite with the first. The Earl was not unwilling to propitiate Lord North, but on the condition of not placing him in the Cabinet. Dundas sounded Lord North on this head; “but,” says Walpole, “Lord Shelburne, foolishly, meanwhile, making the Duke of Rutland not only Lord Steward but of the Cabinet Council, filled up one of the best places with which he might have trafficked with Opposition.” So the overtures to Lord North, which were never cordial nor direct, failed of effect. “Indeed,” says Bishop Tomline\* (a better authority here than Walpole), “as Lord North was fully aware of Mr. Pitt’s positive determination to have no political connection with him, and he could not but know that a perfectly good understanding subsisted between Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, he must therefore have been convinced that any union between himself and the present Ministers must have been utterly impracticable.” It is true that the more personal reasons which might well weigh with Mr. Fox in not accepting as a colleague in council the man whom he had so short a time before threatened with the block, were not applicable to Pitt, who had indulged in no similar language and received only pointed compliments from the ex-Minister,—but by that intuitive sympathy with public opinion, which constituted more than half his political wisdom, Pitt clearly saw that though the country could acquiesce in arrangements that might strengthen the Government by the support of Lord North’s partisans, it could not tolerate the restoration to power of the man whose policy had involved it in such serious calamities. Against an union with Fox there was no such vital objection. If the personal differences between the Whig leader and Lord Shelburne could be adjusted, their political dissensions might well terminate in a peace which secured the substance of all that its common advocates professed to desire. These personal differences Lord Shelburne, on his side, was induced to forego, and to be the first to court reconciliation. It is clear

that at this time, as on later occasions, far from not enduring a rival near the throne, Pitt was desirous of yet securing to the Government of the country the only man whose parliamentary genius and position were equal to his own. For the first and only time in his life he met Fox in private but political negotiation—happy perhaps for the career of Fox, had the object of the interview been effected! But Fox’s resentment against Lord Shelburne was more implacable than Lord Shelburne’s against Fox. Pitt proposed that Fox and his friends should have an equal share in the Government, Lord Shelburne retaining the Treasury; Fox made Lord Shelburne’s resignation a *sine quâ non*. Pitt drew himself up—“I did not come here to betray Lord Shelburne,” said he, and left the room.

Immediately following these fruitless negotiations, Lord North’s familiar friend Mr. Adam, indignant at the idea that Lord North should be excluded from the Cabinet that was left open to his friends, got into communication, through George North the ex-Minister’s son, with Fox’s familiar friend Lord John Townshend. “These three (writes Lord John to Lord Holland in 1830) laid their heads together.” “Fitzpatrick’s aid was invaluable;” Sheridan was “eager and clamorous” for the junction; Burke was not adverse. Beyond this (and we rejoice to find that Burke’s share in the intrigue has been so much exaggerated) Burke had no great hand in the work; “and,” adds Lord John, “it was lucky, as we thought, that he had not, as he might in any day have marred everything, according to custom, in some wrong-headed fit of intemperance.” Thus three men, of mark in their little day, but exceedingly obscure to posterity, made up the notorious Coalition between Fox and North, of which the ultimate consequences were the annihilation of the North party, the decimation and discredit of the Whig, and the formation of that vast parliamentary majority,—founded on the ruins of the one, swelled by the seceders from the other,—which so long maintained the destinies of England in the hands of Mr. Pitt.

Against the morality of the Coalition so much has been said that we may be saved the necessity of reiterating austere homilies on a worn-out text. But we must frankly own that the apologists for Mr. Fox have in this instance laid too much stress on the plausibility of his disposition. For if he forgot his old resentment against Lord North, it was to gratify his new resentment against Lord Shelburne. It was the sacrifice of one revenge for the prosecution of another. And his real excuse is not to be sought in the

\* Life of Pitt.

forgiving sweetness of his temper, but in that fervor of passion which too often blinds judgment by the very fire that it gives to genius. From a great flame goes a great smoke.

But accepting all that can mitigate the political sin of the Fox and North Coalition, it remains not the less grave as a political blunder on the part of Mr. Fox. It is difficult to conceive how a people could ever have been wisely governed by a statesman who could so egregiously miscalculate the directions of public opinion. Nor could a party fail to decrease rapidly in power and importance that appeared to the community to renounce all the recognized principles of political action in order to subserve the ambition of a chief whose very genius only rendered more alarming to the safety of the commonwealth the unscrupulous appliance of his means to the naked audacity of his ends.

But whatever the ultimate effect of the Coalition, it obtained Fox's immediate object — it drove Shelburne from power; and he who had declared when opposing Lord North that "peace upon any terms — peace for a year, for a month, for a day — was indispensable under the present circumstances of the country," joined with Lord North in condemning the successful negotiator of a peace, of which Lord Temple, no partial friend to Lord Shelburne, speaks "as the most meritorious and happiest event for a kingdom exhausted of men and of credit." "By my absence in Ireland and my little connection with Lord Shelburne I was enabled," adds Lord Temple, "to judge of it with coolness and impartiality, and from the knowledge of the various difficulties attending it, I am convinced better terms could not have been had." \*

It was evidently the hope of the Coalition to detach Pitt from Shelburne. North, in replying to Pitt's speech against the resolutions by which Lord John Cavendish implied his censure of the Government, pointedly said that "he saw no reason why the carrying of the present motion should drive Mr. Pitt from the service of his country." Fox up to this moment had also taken occasion to compliment Pitt at the expense of Shelburne. So exclusively personal towards the chief minister was the attack of the Coalition, that, when, Lord Shelburne resigned, the King, on the plea injudiciously left to him "that Lord Shelburne was the only person in whom the House of Commons had shown a want of confidence," baulked the expectations of the victors, and startled all parties, by offering the Treasury to Pitt with full powers to nominate his colleagues.

In the secret diplomacy of parties a man whose name henceforth became closely associated with that of Pitt had lately taken a very active part. Henry Dundas, then in his forty-third year, is thus characterized by Lord Brougham, in one of those Sketches which, whatever our several impressions in particular instances as to the perfect accuracy of the coloring, are not less valuable specimens of a great artist's skill in composition. "Henry Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) was a plain business-like speaker; a clear, easy, fluent, and — from much practice as well as strong natural sense — a skilful debater." To this we may add, that if the effect of his speeches was somewhat marred by a broad Scotch accent, so on the other hand it was favored by the advantages of a comely countenance and imposing person. He understood well the *system* of business — uniting industry in details with the facility of generalization; his temperament was buoyant, his manners were pleasing. No man more agreeable could be met in the byways of political life. The austere member on the opposite side could enjoy his laugh in the lobby or share his bottle at Bellamy's. To qualities so fitted to rise in life, Henry Dundas added the profound determination to do so. He grafted his talents on the healthiest fruit-trees, and trained them with due care on the sunny side of the wall. Lord Advocate under North's administration, and one of the most zealous defenders of the American war while the war was popular, with intuitive sagacity he saw in season the necessity of adapting his opinions to the vicissitudes of time. By a sort of magnetism kindred to this happy clairvoyance he was attracted towards Mr. Pitt, on the very first appearance of the latter as the opponent of the Government of which Dundas was the partisan and member. In reply to a speech against Ministers made by Pitt in his maiden session, Dundas said:

"The Honorable Gentleman who spoke last claims my particular approbation. I find myself compelled to rejoice in the good fortune of my country and my fellow-subjects, who are destined at some future day to derive the most important services from so happy an union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independency of conduct, and the most precocious eloquence."

By a dexterity that was really admirable in its way, the Lord Advocate contrived to glide so easily from Lord North's administration into Lord Rockingham's that he really heightened his character in retaining his office. With a penetrating eye that comprehended in a glance the welfare of Great Britain and the interests of Henry Dundas,

\* Court and Cabinets of George III., Vol. i. p. 302.

this profound politician perceived the faults in Mr. Fox that rendered it more likely that the genius of that statesman would adorn an Opposition than maintain a Government. Accordingly we have seen that while in the Rockingham administration, and nominally under the lead of Mr. Fox, he still turned his prophetic inclinations towards Mr. Pitt, and made a marked distinction between the purity of intention that distinguished the young man who spoke on the opposite side of the House and that which characterized the leader on the Treasury Bench. From Lord Rockingham's administration he slid into Lord Shelburne's with a yet easier grace than that with which he had glided from Lord North's into Lord Rockingham's. Anxious to preserve his office and his country, Dundas then became the zealous but unsuccessful negotiator in the attempt to secure to Lord Shelburne the support of Lord North. Some little time before retiring from power, but when its necessity was evident, Lord Shelburne sent to Dundas, and said to him with that courtly combination of cynicism and loftiness which often distinguished the Earl in his commerce with mankind — "Did you ever hear the story of the Duke of Perth?" "No," said Dundas, "Then I will tell it you. The Duke of Perth had a country neighbor and friend who came to him one morning with a white cockade in his hat. 'What is the meaning of this?' asked the Duke. 'I wish to show your grace,' replied his country friend, 'that I am resolved to follow your fortunes.' The Duke snatched the hat from his head, took the cockade out of it, and threw it into the fire, saying — 'My situation and duty compel me to take this line, but that is no reason why you should ruin yourself and your family.' I find," continued Lord Shelburne, "it will now be necessary for me to quit the government, but as you are beloved by all parties I wished you to have early notice of it, that you might be prepared for what must happen!"

The Lord Advocate was prepared not to ruin himself and his family. And he it was who on Lord Shelburne's final overthrow, "being," says Horace Walpole, "one of the boldest of men, proposed to the King to send for the very young Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt, not yet past 23;" — he it was who strained all the efforts of his eloquent experience to induce William Pitt to accept the offer, and in order to give the more time for reflection, he it was who moved the adjournment of the House for three days. "By far the greater number of the friends whom Pitt consulted," says Bishop Tomline, "advised him to accept the offer." Pitt never more evinced that fine judgment which

Lord Bacon calls "the wisdom of business," than when he declined. Again the King, most loth to humble himself to what he called "a faction," entreated Pitt to retract his determination. But Pitt remained immovable. He understood the King's interest better than his Majesty did. The Coalition must be tried in office before it could be safe for the monarchy to hazard that most delicate and critical of all political questions which lies involved in the constitutional prerogative of the King to choose his ministers, and the attempt of ministers so chosen to govern the country, even for a time, against a majority in the House of Commons. "The King," said the dutiful heir-apparent, whose friendship Mr. Fox so dearly purchased, "has not yet agreed to the plan of the Coalition, but by G — he shall be made to agree to it."

The royal prediction was verified; the Duke of Portland became chief minister under Lord North and Mr. Fox.

In quitting office — with powers so acknowledged, and an ambition so flatteringly caressed — we might suppose, according to ordinary parliamentary precedents, that Mr. Pitt would have become the recognized leader of Opposition. He pointedly renounced all assumption to that post. Before the new ministry was formed, he declared with emphasis that "he was unconnected with any party whatever; that he should keep himself reserved, and act with whichever side he thought did right." He soon showed his independence of the main body in Opposition by renewing in more detail his motion on Parliamentary Reform. It was lost by a much larger majority than the former one, owing, it is said, "to the increased influence of Lord North, as Secretary of State" — a proof how little Fox had advanced the principles he professed by the coalition in which he had gratified his personal ambition and private resentment. Nor would Pitt join with the majority of the Opposition, in the popular clamor against a tax on receipts; though on another occasion he unsparingly exposed the waste and profligacy of a loan by which, according to Lord Shelburne, the public lost £650,000, which was negotiated in private on the same principle which Lord North had adopted and the Whigs denounced; which gave a bonus of six per cent. to the lenders, and rose with a rapidity that startled the upward eyes on Exchange to a premium of eight. But the Great Houses had again placed the finances of the country in the well-bred hands of Lord John Cavendish; and it is no matter of surprise that the 3 per cent. Consols, which in March were at 70, fell to 56 in the following December, just before the country lost the services of

that estimable nobleman. The public paid dear for the whistle of the "learned Canary Bird." It was in thus standing aloof from party that Pitt continued to concentrate on himself the hopes of the country, with which every party had lost ground. Had Pitt avowedly become leader of an Opposition in which the former supporters of the North administration—angry with the Coalition—made the more prominent section, he would have taken from his position that character of independence and liberality which rendered it so popular. He must have foreseen that when the occasion came for concert, the various malcontents would rally round him. All wrecks come to the shore—but only in crumbling away can the shore drift to the wrecks. Thus, still standing alone, Pitt was the better enabled to appear before the public as the adviser of practical reforms emanating from himself, and unembarrassed by complaisance to the antecedents of these who had supported abuses under previous Governments. He introduced a bill for the more economical regulation of the public offices, which the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed upon the ground, "that if abuses did exist, the heads of the offices might reform them." Ministers did not, however, dare to divide against the bill in the Commons; but they united to throw it out in the Lords. Decidedly in the Coalition the old North principles had a full proportion of influence. But Mr. Fox, who had complained so much of Cabinet dissensions when acting with Shelburne, is silent as to any differences in acting with North; on the contrary, he speaks only of the gratitude due to Lord North's "very handsome conduct," and of the concord between himself and that distinguished High Tory upon all practical questions.

Parliament, prorogued on the 16th of July, left the coalition unscathed, and in September Pitt went abroad for the first and only time of his life; his companions were Eliot and Wilberforce. With the more eminent of these two accomplished men Pitt had formed a friendship which at that period in the lives of both was endeared by congenial habits and kindred sympathies. They were of the same age—born within three months of each other, both accomplished scholars, neither of them professedly a book-man. Both had high animal spirits; though Pitt's finding their usual vent in political conflict, Wilberforce had more ready gaiety to spend in general society. Mirth in each had a singular character of freshness and innocence—almost feminine with Wilberforce, at times quite boyish with Pitt. Speaking of one of Pitt's visits to him at Wimbledon, at

the date when his friend was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne, Wilberforce says, "We found the fruits of Pitt's earlier rising in the careful sowing of the garden-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat, in which Ryder had over-night come down from the Opera." The acquaintance between these two young men had commenced at Cambridge, had become more intimate in the gallery of the House of Commons, where both often sat as observant strangers before they became actors of such mark upon the stage. They grew yet more intimate at Goose-tree's Club, while Pitt yet played with "intense earnestness" at games of chance; or at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, in memory of Shakspeare, where Pitt was "the most amusing of the party." Wilberforce entered the House as member for Hull, at the general election, a few months before Pitt. Lord Rockingham had declined the overtures of the one; he strained all his interest in Yorkshire against the other. The decided action and popular sentiments of Pitt often separated them on divisions; and it was not till the Shelburne government that they became politically united. During that administration, Pitt, "to whom it was a luxury even to sleep in country air," frequently visited Wilberforce at his villa; and thither did he joyously repair when he resigned his residence in Downing Street to the Coalition Ministry. "Eliot, Arden, and I," wrote Pitt one afternoon, "will be with you before curfew, and expect an early meal of peas and strawberries."

Wilberforce had already distinguished himself as a speaker in Parliament. He had seconded Pitt on the address to the throne under the Shelburne government; he had denounced the Coalition with a vehemence equal to his friend's. Of all Pitt's associates there was not one who at that time appeared more likely, from congenial character, sentiments, and intellect, to share in the honors of his political career. But Providence destined them to promote noble ends, in directions that diverged by the way: the one advancing human interests in the more exclusive service of his country; the other adorning his country and elevating its moral standard by a more special devotion to the cause of catholic humanity.

The three travellers crossed over to Calais, and proceeded straight to Rheims, "to gain some knowledge of the language before they went to Paris." The intendant of the police regarded them as very suspicious characters. Their courier represented them as "grands seigneurs;" "and yet," said the shrewd functionary, "they are in a wretched lodging, and have no attendance. They must be *des intriguants*." Fortunately these



unfavorable impressions were communicated to a French abbé, "a fellow of infinite humor," who was secretary to the Conseil d'Etat, under the Archbishop of Périgord. "Satisfied," as the abbé said, "with their appearance," he offered them every civility which the politeness of his nation could suggest; made them acquainted with the noblesse in the neighborhood; and introduced them to a familiar footing at the episcopal palace. Pitt here evinced that remarkable quickness of perception which gave to his youth the advantages usually confined to experience. "Though no master of the French vocabulary, he caught readily the intonations of the language, and soon spoke it with considerable accuracy."

Two of his reputed sayings at this time are worth citing. "I am greatly surprised," said the abbé, "that a country so moral as England can submit to be governed by a man so wanting in private character as Fox. It seems to show you to be less moral than you appear." "*C'est que vous n'avez été sous la baguette du magicien,*" was Pitt's happy reply; "but the remark," he continued, "is just." Another time the abbé asked him, in what part the British Constitution might be first expected to decay. Pitt, musing for a moment, answered, "The part of our Constitution which will first perish is the prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Peers." The answer is profound; and though the circumstances of that time might favor the conjecture more than those of the present, yet, no doubt, in the ordinary progress of civilization, the vitality of the moving body endures longer than the checks on its action. Rarely does the bridle last as long as the horse! But this reply, made at the time when Pitt was a parliamentary reformer, and desired, by the mode of his reform, to give more preponderance to the conservative scale in the balance of representative government, may serve to explain the motives of his policy in later life when he deemed it necessary to carry all his genius to the preservation of the weaker powers in the State. For though Crown and Peers may go first, if ever the harmonious elements of the English constitution are condemned to dissolution, popular freedom may go very soon afterwards. In states highly civilized the fears of property soon determine any contest between political liberty and civil order in favor of the last. Remove a king, and the odds are that you create a dictator; destroy an aristocracy, and between throne and mob—between wealth and penury—between thief and till—what do order and property invoke to their aid? The answer is brief—an army! In every European

community soldiers appear in proportion as aristocracy recedes. And just it is, in refutation of the charge of inconsistency brought against Pitt at a subsequent period, to state that it was at this date, when he most favored Parliamentary reform, that Franklin, conversing with him on forms of government, was equally surprised by his talents and his anti-republican opinions.\*

The three friends proceeded to Paris and thence to the Court at Fontainebleau. At this time Horace Walpole is said to have tried "to get up a match" between William Pitt and Necker's daughter, afterwards so famous as Madame de Staël. It is even asserted that the Genevese offered to endow the young lady with a fortune of £14,000 a year. Happily, perhaps, for his domestic peace, Pitt was not tempted. He replied, probably in jest, that he was already married to his country.† The subsequent entries in Willerforce's diary are curious:

"Introduced to King, Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Comte, and Comtesse d'Artois, and two aunts. Pitt stag-hunting! Eliot and I in chase to see the King—clumsy, strange figure, in immense boots! Dined. Marquis de la Fayette—pleasing, enthusiastic man. They all, men and women" (writes Willerforce to Henry Banks), "crowded round Pitt in shoals, and he behaved with great spirit, though he was sometimes a little bored when they talked to him about the parliamentary reform."

In the midst of these courtly gayeties Pitt was recalled to London, by a special messenger, despatched by whom or for what object does not appear. Assuming the latter to be political, it seems evident that Pitt on his return to England did not see the probability of his own speedy accession to power; for at this period he seriously determined to resume the profession of the law, as the only plan he could adopt to preserve "that independence which he had resolved never to forfeit."‡ Indeed, the Coalition Administration had gained strength merely by living on. Though the discontent of the King remained unsoftened, it assumed the character of despondency. He said in private that "though he disliked ministers he would give them fair play." In a confidential letter to Lord Northampton, Fox writes that—

"The King has no inclination to do anything to serve us or to hurt us; and I believe that he has no view to any other administration which he means to substitute in lieu of us. . . . Our lasting out the summer will prove that his dis-

\* Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party, Vol. II. p. 202.

† Lord Brougham ("Sketch of Pitt") says that the story of his refusing to marry Mademoiselle de Necker rests on a true foundation, but unless the answer was in jest, which is very possible, it was too theatrical for so great a man. We agree with Lord Brougham.

‡ Tomline's Life of Pitt, chap. III.

like is not such as to proceed to overt acts. Parliament is certainly our strong place; and if we can last during the recess, I think people will have little doubt of our lasting during the session. When I look over our strength in the House of Commons, and see that all hopes of dissension are given up even by the enemy, while on the other hand Shelburne, Temple, Thurlow, and Pitt, are some of them quite unmanageable, and have, to my certain knowledge, hardly any communication with each other, I cannot help thinking the fear of our being overturned in Parliament is quite chimerical."

The Ministry indeed were strong by union within the Cabinet, by a large majority in the Commons, by the motley and divided nature of the opposition, and above all by the apparent impossibility to form any other Government. The Whigs thought the Coalition had ceased to be unpopular; that supposition, as events proved, was incorrect. But we have seen in our time how disposed our practical countrymen are to acquiesce in a Government they disapprove, if they see no elements for the permanent formation of a better. There is no question on which Administrations more depend for continuance than this—"If out, who are to come in?"

And during this short interval of power Fox himself appears to brilliant advantage. With the firmness which Rockingham had wanted, he insisted on excluding Thurlow from his Cabinet. He turned out the Lord Advocate Dundas, who would have stayed in if he could, though he had before emphatically declared his resolve "to adhere to the fortunes of Mr. Pitt." Fox wavered, it is true (from one of his most fatal faults—facility to the advice of friends whose intellect was far inferior to his own), in the course of the summer as to the restoration of the grim Lord Chancellor. But some negotiations to that effect failed. His policy with regard to Ireland was on the whole sound and vigorous. He showed temper and judgment in smoothing over a difficulty as to the allowance to be made to the Prince of Wales, which at one time gravely threatened to place the people on the side of the King; and the unanimity that prevailed in a Cabinet so composed must have been owing not more to Lord North's exquisite good humor and epicurean philosophy, than to Fox's frank and cordial temper, and masculine knowledge of the world—of gentlemen. Only in one quarter danger to the Government could be discerned. Ministers were strong for the transaction of ordinary business; they must necessarily be weak the instant they began to legislate on a grander scale, and admit the principles of reconstruction. Parliamentary reform, with Lord

North voting one way sincerely, and Mr. Fox another way with little faith in the wisdom of his vote, was out of the question. The safety of the Whigs really lay in the abeyance of Whiggery. But there was one question on which it was impossible not to stir. Reform in England might be shelved—reform in India could brook no longer delay. Not to be evaded was the dire necessity "of doing something" to rectify or terminate a system of misgovernment which, Lord John Russell justly says, "had alarmed and disquieted English statesmen of all parties." If the Ministry had dallied with this subject, it would have been taken out of their hands by the Opposition. Dundas, indeed, whose knowledge of Indian affairs was superior to that of any public man (unless Burke alone be excepted), had already, in the previous April, taken the initiative on the question by the introduction of a "Bill for the better regulation and government of the British possessions in India;" and Mr. Fox had on that occasion declared his intention of taking up the whole question early the next session. Fox had sufficient sagacity to suspect that the measures devised by himself and his Cabinet for the remedy of evils universally acknowledged were of a hazardous nature; but that sagacity did not go far enough to foresee the amount of the hazard, the nature of the objections his bill would provoke, nor the means of preserving its efficiency but removing its more obnoxious provisions. He seems to have supposed that the Opposition would only be formidable, inasmuch as they would be joined "on the grounds of personal attachment to this or that director, or to this or that governor." Never more did he show his want of what the present Emperor of France has called "the electric sympathy between the successful statesman and public opinion," than in his imperfect perception of the real danger to which his measure would expose the Ministry. On the whole he was sanguine of success: "the question," he hoped, "would be over by Christmas, and Government safe for the session." Thus apparently strong, Ministers met Parliament on the 11th of November, 1783. They announced in the King's speech the conclusion of definitive treaties of peace. The situation of the East India Company, and the necessity of providing for the security and improvement of the revenue, were the reasons assigned for calling Parliament together at so early a period. Pitt spoke on the address with the moderation of a man who saw no opening for assault. He said, it is true, and with justice, "that the principle of the peace proposed was the same as that which the members of Government, when in opposition, had rejected," and that the vote was the pane-

gyric of the late Ministers upon the very point on which they were then censured; but he agreed that the affairs of India and the state of the revenue demanded the immediate attention of Ministers, in terms so far from hostile, that Fox "thanked him for his support." All thus went on smoothly till, on the 18th, Fox, with a dazzling and fatal eloquence, introduced his "India Bill" and condemned his Government. All which must render the measure adverse alike to Crown and people—all which the elaborate survey of its framers had overlooked—Pitt saw with his usual rapidity of glance, and denounced with a vehemence the result could not fail to justify. The enemy with their own hands had led the fatal horse into Ilion, and Fox but decked with pompous trappings the engine that contained his destruction.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus  
Dardanis: fuimus Trões, fuit Ilium, et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum: ferus omnia Jupiter Argos  
Transtulit!"

The noble editor of the Correspondence we have so largely quoted somewhat startles us by the panegyric he devotes to the measure he exhumes from its grave. We are willing to respect the pious reverence with which he handles its cold remains. We will grant they are not the bones of a monster, but we cannot enshrine them as the relics of a saint. Let us allow, if he pleases, that this ill-starred India Bill contained much that was excellent, and that the mischievous part of it was exaggerated by its opponents. But after all that can be said in its defence, it does not the less exhibit a lamentable failure in practical statesmanship. When a reform is necessary, two considerations should be paramount with a Government seriously anxious to carry it: firstly, the plan proposed should be one which the people will support; and secondly, one that its opponents cannot with effect ascribe to corrupt and sinister motives. Mr. Fox's plan (and to him, and not to Burke, Lord John insists on ascribing the honor of its conception) combined every element of unpopularity, and gave every excuse to the charge that it was sought less to govern India well than to secure, by the patronage of India, the duration of the Whig Ministry. "The transfer of a power, the vastness and the abuse of which had been duly impressed on the public mind, to seven commissioners named by the Whig Government, with the disposal of the military commands and commissions in the armies of the Indian empire; the annual nomination of cadets and writers to the different settlements; the purchase of merchandise and stores to the amount of five or six millions a year; the taking up ships and

contracts for freights—these, and various other sources of patronage connected with such enormous establishments, such extensive trade, so large a dominion, and so ample a revenue, must have constituted a degree of influence which, when opposed to Ministers, might have impeded the necessary functions of executive government, and when friendly, might have enabled them to carry any measures, however injurious to the interests of the people or the prerogative of the Crown."\* Thus argued the opponents to the bill; and poor indeed seems Lord John Russell's answer, that the dictatorship of the commission would only last for four years. For if the patronage thus given to the Coalition could secure a continuance of four years to that government, the same cause would prolong power to the same dispensers of the patronage. And in the very speech in which Fox moved for leave to bring in the bill, he said that "the influence of the Crown in its most enormous and alarming state was nothing compared to the boundless patronage of the East Indian government, if the latter was to be used in the influence of that House." But all this patronage was to be placed in the hands of commissioners chosen by Mr. Fox.

As the Bill proceeded, new alarms were created. Its defenders, especially the Attorney-General, used arguments that threatened the characters of every Company in England. Thus vested rights, popular opinions, royal prerogative, were all combined in one opposition, not to Reform in India, but to proposals that seemed to transfer to a government at home, whose very existence was an outrage on all creeds of political integrity hitherto received, the corruption of Indian patronage and the audacity of Indian rapine. But though the clouds might be seen collecting from each point in the sky, their distance from each other made the storm slow in forming. Fox saw that his danger lay in discussion, his safety in despatch. He availed himself of his majority to hurry his measure through its successive stages in the Commons, in spite of all that William Grenville and Pitt could do to arrest its progress. On the 9th of December it was carried up to the House of Lords, by Mr. Fox and "a great body of the House of Commons." Meanwhile the King had risen from his inert despondency—the Lord had delivered his ministers into his hands. He had not hitherto openly proclaimed his hostility to his government; his government now declared war upon him, and placed him in the position most favorable to monarchical power, and that in which it has ever most excuse for extraordinary measures—the defensive.

\* Tomlin's Life of Pitt.

The commission for the administration of the Indian empire was to be established without concert with the sovereign, and irremovable except by an address from either House of Parliament. The King might well regard and represent it as a transfer of the royal prerogative from himself to Mr. Fox. Nor did he stand here without eminent advisers — men not stigmatized as the King's friends, but who had been the partisans of Rockingham, willing not only to sanction but to recommend his resort to every weapon of defence on which he could lay his grasp.

Even while the India Bill was passing through its triumphant progress in the House of Lords, Lord Temple had taken the initiative in the strategy of resistance. A memorandum dated Dec. 1st (eight days before the Bill passed the Commons), which may be found in the "Courts and Cabinets of George III." vol. i. p. 288, is the key to the whole mystery of those transactions, which Fox naturally denounced as a back-door intrigue. This memorandum, in stating the reason that calls for the King's interposition against a plan that "takes more than half the royal power, and by that means disables the King for the rest of his reign," sums up with masterly precision the course to be adopted for the defeat of the measure. The King's refusal, if it passed both Houses, would be a violent means; the change of his ministers immediately after the victorious majority in the House of Commons, little less so. The easier way to remove the government would be when the Bill received discountenance in its progress; that discountenance could not be anticipated in the Commons, in the Lords it might. But to induce the Lords to take a decided part against the King's government and in the King's favor, it would be necessary to state explicitly to those disposed towards his Majesty's aid the wishes he entertained. Thus the Bill thrown out of one legislative chamber might leave his Majesty free to decide whether or not he would change the ministry who framed it. The King seized upon the advice thus tendered. Lord Temple took care that there should be no doubt in the Upper Chamber as to the royal mind. And on the 17th of December the India Bill or rather Bills were rejected in the Lords by a majority of nineteen. On the 18th at midnight, Lord North and Mr. Fox received the royal message to send their seals of office to his Majesty by the Under Secretary, "as a personal interview would be disagreeable to his Majesty. The course adopted by the King in bringing his direct influence to bear on the House of Lords was one of those extreme measures which extreme dangers can alone justify. Solemn though the ceremo-

nies that surround the constitution, the constitution itself is something more than a ceremony. Its decorum may be shocked by pulling it out of the water, but that is better — once in a way — than allowing it to be drowned with apathetic respect. And the question simply is, whether Fox's India Bill did not threaten the constitution with a worse evil than was inflicted by the nature of the King's interference to prevent it.

"Necessitate quodlibet telum utile est."

But, though the King in practice may have adopted a wise policy, in theory it was one that a constitutional statesman would hesitate to advise and be reluctant to defend. And the King thus tampering with a principle so dear to England as liberty of debate, Fox, if he had seen his true position with wise discernment, and maintained it by temperate firmness, might have carried the country with him, and left George III. no option between Whiggery in England or prerogative in Hanover. But here again Fox contrasted his genius as an orator with his marked defects as a Parliamentary chief. On the day the Bill was thrown out by the Lords he wrote word, "We are not yet out, but I suppose we shall be to-morrow; however, we are so strong that nobody can undertake without madness, and, if they do, I think we shall destroy them almost as soon as they are formed." With these convictions on his mind, what was Fox's obvious course? Lord John states it with clearness and candor: first, to have forestalled dismissal, to have resigned at once; secondly, to have moved resolutions against secret influence; and thirdly, in a collision between the two Houses, to have given the Crown every facility for dissolving Parliament. Instead of this, Fox was still in the King's service, when he supported a resolution — brought forward by one of his party (Mr. Baker) the day the Bill was finally debated by the Lords — in censure of the King himself; that motion carried, one to take into consideration the state of the nation was announced for the following Monday. It was not then as an independent Member of Parliament that Fox defended the letter and spirit of the constitution; it was as Minister of the Crown that he impeached his master. Fox's speech on the question is admirable for its eloquence, but an eloquence such as Mirabeau might have thundered forth at the van of revolution. "The deliberations of this night," said King George's Minister for Foreign Affairs, —

"must decide whether we are to be freemen or slaves! whether the House of Commons be the palladium of liberty or the organ of despotism." "We shall certainly lose our liberty when the



deliberations of Parliament are decided, not by legal and usual, but by the illegal and extraordinary, assertions of prerogative." "I did not come in by the fiat of majesty, though by this fiat I am not unwilling to go out. I ever stood, and wish to stand now, on public ground alone."

Language of this kind was certainly misplaced in a man who was still a King's minister, and left triumphant Pitt's assertion that a minister thus complaining that he had not the confidence of his sovereign should have resigned. In the very same night Erskine was put forward to move a resolution of which the direct object was to prevent an appeal to the people, and which declared that the House of Commons would consider as an enemy any person who should presume to advise his Majesty to interrupt the consideration of a suitable remedy for the abuses in the government of India — in other words, to dissolve Parliament; and thus, while condemning the King for an extraordinary assertion of prerogative, his own Government sought to fetter him in the simplest exercise of its own recognized powers.

Lord Temple held the seals for three days as Secretary of State; but the part that nobleman had taken utterly disqualified him for a leading share in the Government he had contributed to overthrow. The Treasury was a third time pressed upon Pitt, and this time he accepted; but it was not without a full perception of the difficulties that beset him.

"When I went," says Bishop Tomline, "into Mr. Pitt's bedroom the next morning, he told me he had not had a moment's sleep; he expressed great uneasiness at the state of public affairs, at the same time declaring his fixed resolution not to abandon the situation he had undertaken, but to make the best stand in his power, though very doubtful of the result."

Many public men, indeed, who had approved his opposition to the late ministry, declined the responsibility of assisting in the formation of a new one. No one believed his government could last a month. In the ministry he formed he was compelled entirely to rely upon the Peers; not one commoner of sufficient mark for the Cabinet could he find. And yet so strongly was it felt that the struggle waged by the minister was against the Great Houses, that a peer of high rank said shortly afterwards, "Mr. Pitt single-handed has beat the aristocracy." It was not the aristocracy he beat, but rather by the help of the aristocracy he beat the oligarchy which had ruled in its name.

A name greater than Temple's was absent from the new Government. But its greatness necessitated its exclusion, except at the head of the list. The Earl of Shelburne,

according to Lord Holland, "felt great resentment against Mr. Pitt for leaving him out in the formation of his ministry." Lord Holland (never in the Earl's confidence) errs in this conclusion. Pitt would have justified every charge of presumption brought against him had he invited to a post inferior to his own the brilliant and haughty chief under whom he had served but the year before.\*

On better authority than Lord Holland's we presume to contradict a prevalent idea that Shelburne bore a grudge against Pitt for not urging a request that a man of the Earl's temper would have treated as an affront. But not less is it certain, that if Shelburne felt no resentment against Mr. Pitt, deep was his resentment against George III. The anger was mutual. The King never pardoned Lord Shelburne's resignation — Shelburne never pardoned the King for misapprehending his situation then, and not appealing to his counsels afterwards; and, from circumstances insufficiently known to us, the Earl always considered that the King had not only wronged but deceived him. Henceforth this remarkable man appears no more as a candidate for power. He accepted, not without reluctance, the Marquise of Lansdowne, as Temple, equally haughty, accepted the Marquise of Buckingham; but he was peculiarly careful that the world should not suppose that his political independence was compromised by the honors that attested his former services. The year after the assumption of his new title he suddenly reappeared in the Lords, and with that eccentricity of self-willed genius which had obtained for him the epithet of insincere, he relieved the vote that he gave to the Government from all suspicion of servile complaisance by a speech barbed with an irony that delighted the Opposition. But such demonstrations of his earlier spirit were, for some years, too rare to prove to the public that Lord Shelburne still lived in the Marquis of Lansdowne. On the Regency question, indeed, he displayed, in a speech which,

\* Indeed, from motives of obvious delicacy so carefully did Pitt refrain from soliciting to the aid of an experiment, the hazard of which was ascribed to his personal arrogance and vanity, men of station more established than his own, that not even the decided part which Lord Gower had taken against the India Bill induced him to press that nobleman to give to the Cabinet the advantage of his name; and it was Lord Gower who sent to inform the young minister that "in the distressed situation of the sovereign and the country he would take any office in which he could be useful." Lord Gower gave a noble example in the patriotism which distinguished him on this occasion. Twice previously refusing the Treasury, and sincerely preferring the repose of private life — he not only risked the prestige of his position in accepting office under a Government that seemed doomed at its birth, but afterwards gave up the office most suited to his personal dignity, the Presidency of the Council, and condescended to accept the Privy Seal in order to secure to the Cabinet the illustrious Camden, who, having been Lord Chancellor, could not well take any office but that of Lord President.

in masculine diction and vigorous thought, is perhaps the most striking specimen of his eloquence preserved to the study of English orators, his rooted disdain of Whig tactics and idols, and the philosophy of the Tribune which he had grafted on his experience of Courts.

"The people," exclaimed the great Marquis in the course of this nervous oration — "the people, my lords, have rights and privileges; kings and princes have none." The French Revolution, with the war which was its collateral consequence, furnished the Lord of Bowood with ample occasion to deduce from that startling axiom many notable problems in the Mathesis of Democracy. Retaining to the last his profound contempt for Fox, the shafts that he launched against Pitt were forged on the same anvil as those which had thinned the ranks of the oligarchy he had aided Pitt to destroy. The high-spirited soldier who had so reluctantly acceded to the claims of American patriots, so scrupulously enforced the formality of a clause to save the honor of the Imperial Crown, now insisted on suing for peace to a nation which had decreed that a proposal for peace was a capital crime in its citizens, and declared by the mouth of its minister, "If kings treat with us, let them treat with our armies on the frontier."\*

Yet it is not thus that we would part with this eminent man. We love rather to regard him sauntering on the lawns of Bowood, listening with the sceptical smile of his profound and embittered experience to the young visions of Bentham; or in the salons of Paris, startling Mirabeau with his easy force, and comparing with the ill-starred Malesherbes the stores of a reading almost equally diffuse, and the results of a far more extensive commerce with mankind. Nor is there less interest in the contemplation of this once fiery soldier, this passionate yet scheming statesman, musing alone amidst the vast collection of political documents which his industry amassed, as if in those records of abortive stratagem and foiled ambition he found a melancholy consolation for the close of his own career. We must apologize for the length of this episodic digression — not indeed disproportioned to the dignity of the man, to whom, more than any other, is to be ascribed that great revolution in our national councils which freed the monarchy from the dominion of the Great Houses, to whom Pitt owed his introduction into the national councils, and from whom, of all contemporaneous statesmen, that Minister acknowledged that he had learned the most. Upon large classes of our country-

men the influence of Lord Shelburne's peculiar intellect and modes of thinking still rests. It may be seen in the principles of commerce now generally received, and to which he was the first practical statesman who lent his authority; it may be seen in that powerful division in the popular camp which disdains alike the rant of the hustings and the affectation with which the Whigs invoke history and the constitution to the aid of party manoeuvres — the philosophers of the English Agora, with whom the principles of Mr. Fox are less authority than the maxims of Mr. Mill. While apart from his later doctrines, and viewing him rather as he stood midway between Rockingham and North, his tenets often live again in that large and growing school of politicians who have no fear of the people in defending their institutions, and who will not allow that genuine Conservatism should concede to any faction arrogating popular claims a monopoly of the privilege to reform abuses, and to keep from that discord which is the sure prelude to social disorder the reciprocal harmonies of opinion and law.

On forming the Coalition Government, Fox had said, "success only could justify it." Success only could justify the course the King took to overthrow it. But no sooner was that Government dismissed than the people, before comparatively supine from a belief in its necessity, hastened to manifest the detestation they had suppressed. Addresses of congratulation to the King poured in from all quarters. The constituencies were evidently not with the majority in the Commons. There the motion for a new writ for the borough of Appleby was received with loud and derisive laughter.

The War of the Giants now commenced. Never in Parliament was a contest to decide the fate of parties for long years to come fought with such fiery valor on the one side, with such consummate judgment on the other. By a fatal error of policy Fox continued to fix the contest upon ground untenable in itself and unpopular by the arguments used to defend it, viz., that Parliament should not be dissolved. The insistence on this point could only be construed into an acknowledgment of weakness, a fear of the very tribunal whose decision, according to all his previous theories, it became him to be the first to solicit. In Pitt's absence from Parliament during his reelection, the Opposition carried an address to the Crown praying his Majesty not to dissolve. His Majesty drily replied, that he should not interrupt their meeting by that exercise of his prerogative.

Pitt, indeed, was urged by many of his friends to advise a dissolution; but he fore-

\* See Lord Grenville's reply to Lord Lansdowne's motion for peace with France. *Parl. Debates*, Feb. 17, 1794.

saw that such a step would be premature. What were called the great parliamentary interests—the close boroughs—were against him. His chance of success lay with the popular and independent constituencies. To command these, prolonged discussion was essential. He could not leave unanswered in the mouths of his opponents on the hustings the cry that he came in “by secret influences;” or that, in opposing the India Bill, he would maintain Indian misgovernment. He resolved to confront the tempestuous majority against him, and let the people compare himself with his assailants before he asked for their verdict. The House adjourned from the 26th of December to the 12th of January. During the recess Pitt was fortunately enabled to give a signal proof of that superiority to self-interest which the English people are ever disposed to associate with a paramount zeal for the public service. The Clerkship of the Pells, in his own gift, became vacant; its emoluments were above £3000 a year. Lord Thurlow and many others pressed him to take that office to himself. He was poor, his present station exceedingly precarious. Pecuniary independence was confessedly dear to the man who, in order to secure it, had even thought of resigning the position he had so rapidly won in Parliament for the tedious profession of the bar. Pitt not only declined himself to take the office, but, in the appointment he made, he covered a blot in the Rockingham administration. Colonel Barré had been rewarded by that Government with a pension of £3000 a year. No member of Parliament more deserved some distinction from a Government espousing popular opinions, but the public did not like to see that distinction in the jobbing form of a pension. Pitt gave the Clerkship of the Pells to Colonel Barré on condition that the pension was resigned. “It is the act of a man,” said that stern colonel, whose first growl in Parliament had daunted Chatham, though Chatham had lived to tame him, “who feels that he stands upon a high eminence in the eyes of that country which he is destined to govern.”

Pitt hastened to meet the attacks made on him in his absence. But one flaw could be found in his title—he was said to have come in through intrigue; through secret influence: that accusation Lord John Russell has repeated. “Mr. Pitt,” he says, “committed a great fault in accepting office as the price of an unworthy intrigue.” This allegation is wholly inaccurate. Grant that the communications between the King and Lord Temple, and the circulation of the King’s views as to the India Bill among the Peers, could be fairly called an unworthy in-

trigue—there is not the slightest evidence that Pitt advised or shared in them; the utmost even that Lord Holland can say on that head is, that they were “*probably known to Pitt.*” The probability is all the other way. Pitt, we are told by one who was thoroughly in his confidence at that particular period (his former tutor, Bishop Tomline), though seriously embarrassed at the loss of Lord Temple’s assistance in forming his government, was “convinced of the propriety of Temple’s resignation, under the present impression of the public mind.” Temple himself stood aloof from that government, gave it no advice, and evidently—by a letter to Pitt, dated a week after his own resignation of the seals, beginning “Dear Sir”—was exceedingly chilled towards his near relation.\* Had Pitt in any way authorized the clandestine transactions between Temple and the King, he could not have been convinced of the propriety of Lord Temple’s abstinence from the government; and for the same reason he would have felt himself disqualified for office. His participation in such intrigue must have been known to its promoters, and he could not have stood up in parliament and pronounced these solemn and stately words on the first day he met that parliament as minister of the Crown:

“I came up no back-stairs; when sent for by my sovereign to know whether I would accept office, I necessarily went to the Royal Closet. Little did I think to be ever charged in this House with being the tool and abettor of secret influence. I will never condescend to be the instrument of any secret advisers whatever; nor in one instance, while I have the honor to act as minister of the Crown, will I be responsible for measures not my own, or at least in which my heart and judgment do not entirely acquiesce. I have taken upon me the government of the country upon one single, plain, intelligible principle, by which I desire to stand or fall, viz., to save the country from the India Bill, which threatened destruction to its liberties. My conduct is uniform and intelligible, and the nation and the world will understand and applaud it.”

The nation did understand it then, and understands it now. By one of those quick decisions in the public judgment which make distinctions the most marked on questions the most delicate, the people discriminated between Lord Temple and Pitt. They would not have accepted the first as minister. In accrediting the last they acquitted him. Pitt was not the questionable cause that destroyed the Coalition, but his government was the necessary consequence of that destruction. And he would have deserted the principles he professed, condemned the coun-

\* “Courts and Cabinets of George III.,” Vol. i. p. 291.

try to a bill that he regarded fatal to its liberties, and delivered people and King bound hand and foot to the Coalition Ministry, if he had said, "I cannot aid in defending the right, because somebody else has given me the power to do so by having done something wrong." And truly observes his biographer, "that such was the confidence felt in Mr. Pitt, even at this early period of his life, that his character was not in the slightest degree affected by the clamor which compelled Lord Temple to resign." Two days after, the young minister brought forward his own India Bill, and gave the country an occasion to contrast his constructive genius with that of Mr. Fox. The Bill was rejected by the House after a second reading on the motion for committal. But in that hostile assembly the majority against it was only eight; and the sense of the country was soon pronounced in its favor. Still Fox continued to fight against a dissolution, and upon arguments equally hostile to constitutional monarchy and representative government. He had the incredible audacity to assert that the Crown did not possess the power of dissolving parliament in the middle of a session, "an attempt," says Lord John truly, "that had neither law nor precedent in its favor."

To give the supreme power of the nation, not to the people who elected the House of Commons, but to a House of Commons actually sitting—and without appeal to the people, whatever the measures it might adopt—would obviously be to constitute a standing army against both the Crown and the Constituencies. And never was there an instance in which a demand of this nature could be more unhappily made; for the majority against the King's Government were composed, as Lord John remarks, "in part of the men who had led the country to loss and disgrace during the American war, and in part of the men who had promised to bring them to punishment for that misconduct. It would be said," adds Lord John (and it *was* said), "that the object for which these two hostile parties had combined was to erect a power, neither elected by the people nor removable by the Crown, in whose store all the treasures of India were to be thrown for the purpose of maintaining the sway of an oligarchy unknown to the Constitution and hateful to the nation. Such were the perils rashly incurred by Mr. Fox; such were the perils by which he was overwhelmed." But granting that both as a party leader and a constitutional statesman, Mr. Fox thus proved his grievous defects, cheerfully do we add with Lord John, "that it is impossible not to admire the wonderful resource, the untiring energy, the various

eloquence, the manly courage, with which he conducted this extraordinary campaign." In fact he appears to us never more signally to have shown how possible it is in the English parliament to unite the grandest powers of debate with the most egregious mistakes in Council. But the Constitution meanwhile was shaking beneath this contest of its elementary powers; the country gentlemen on both sides feared for the land in which their stake was so large. Amongst them party was suspended—patriotism prevailed; supporters of Government and friends of the Opposition united in the open endeavor to reconcile Pitt and Fox, King and Commons. Against such a combination all Pitt's more ambitious interests must have been arrayed, yet apparently he did not suffer such considerations to weigh with him unduly. He felt the tremendous difficulties of his position. He stood the sole Cabinet Minister in the House of Commons (charged, therefore, with the defence and conduct of all the departments in the state), against a combination unparalleled for the splendor of the powers which it brought to bear upon debate. On many prospective questions Pitt, still professedly a Reformer, might concur with Fox, provided Fox were his colleague; against Fox it might be impossible to carry even measures that Fox in his conscience might approve; he assented therefore to the well-meant entreaties of the mediators to give to the Crown a strong Government, so far as to state that he was ready to meet the Duke of Portland to consider the formation of a new Ministry on equal terms. Again the pride of the oligarchy destroyed the best hopes of the party they led. Mr. Pitt must descend from his office! the Duke of Portland must receive a direct message from the King. "For what purpose," then, said Pitt with justice,—

"should the present Ministry give way? The answer is obvious: to make room for the introduction of a set of persons who were lately dismissed for conduct which lost them the confidence of their sovereign as well as that of the people. In adverting to a wish very generally and very warmly expressed, of forming an union which might give stability to Government and reconcile all parties—to such a measure I am by no means an enemy, provided it could be established on such a broad and liberal basis as would meet the wishes of that respectable and independent body of men by whose support and countenance I have been invariably honored. But in accomplishing this object all personal prejudices and private views must be laid aside, and a stable Government and a solid union be alone sought for."

"But," said he on another occasion,—



"the only fortress I desire to defend is the fortress of the Constitution; for that I will resist every attack, every attempt to seduce me out of it. With regard to personal honor or public principle, can it be expected that I should consent to march out with a halter round my neck, and meanly beg to be re-admitted and considered as a volunteer in the army of the enemy?"

The Opposition proceeded, *pari passu*, with hostile divisions and abortive negotiations. At each attack it grew fiercer in language, weaker in result; majorities dwindled rapidly down as the constituencies began to operate more and more upon their Members, until at length, on moving another address to the Crown to remove Ministers, that mighty phalanx, which three weeks ago seemed to Fox sufficient to crush every Government but his own, gained its point by a majority of one. From that moment the battle was virtually over; Fox did not dare to divide again, the Mutiny Bill was passed, the supplies voted to the extent demanded, and sixteen days afterwards the King prorogued Parliament, declaring it to be a duty he owed to the Constitution and the country to recur as speedily as possible to the sense of his people. The result was the triumphant acquittal of the King, the paramount power of his Minister. The counties and commercial towns rose everywhere against the Great Houses. For the first time since his reign the King was popular; and that popularity he never afterwards lost. In concert with Lord Temple he had endangered his crown; in concert with Pitt he confirmed it on his head. The strongholds of Democracy revolted from the Whigs. Mr. Coke was ejected from Norfolk, Erskine from Portsmouth, General Conway from Bury; even Lord John Cavendish, though universally pitied, was ignominiously defeated; and, to crown all, against the heir of Sir George Saville—that highest prototype of the Whig country gentleman, against the Great Houses of Fitzwilliam and Howard, Wilberforce carried the county of York. Not less than 160 Members who had supported the Coalition lost their seats, and were honored by the witty appellation of "Fox's Martyrs." Thus by a rapid succession of errors in judgment Fox destroyed the ascendancy of that famous party which he found so powerful and made so feeble; and thus, in three years after his entrance into Parliament, Pitt, seeking only in public opinion the elements of party, confirmed in the appointment of the Crown by the support of the people, commenced his long career as Minister of England.

On looking back to the causes of a rise so unparalleled, the eye rests first on the man whose genius resisted and whose errors con-

duced to it. Every blunder in Fox was a stepping-stone to Pitt. But great is the general who knows how to profit by the mistakes of his adversary. That in the rapidity with which his reputation spread, and in the contented acquiescence of the rank and file to his sudden promotion over the heads of veterans, Pitt was greatly indebted to the accident of his birth, must be frankly conceded. To be the son of a great man is to be born in the purple. But his birth only recommends him to election; it does not qualify him for inheritance. He is measured by his father's standard before he is full grown, and must be acknowledged as a giant in order to be received as a prince. His station has a kind of poetry, and his merits are submitted to the test imposed upon poets, which mediocrity cannot pass. Nay, more rare than even the fame of a great poet is the fame of a great man's son. In achieving his father's position, circumstance favored Pitt more than it had aided Chatham. No Newcastle interfered between himself and the Treasury. He had no enemy in his king; he had as yet no infirmities of body to sour his temper and irritate his passions. But it must also be owned that when circumstance was in his favor, he seized it with more facility; or, when adverse, turned it aside with calmer judgment, or mastered it with more consistent firmness, than characterized the fitful energy of his father's less regulated genius. It had been the boast of Chatham to rule in defiance of all parties, though his school in reality was a bold eclecticism of conflicting doctrines. And among the prominent causes of his son's ascendancy in public opinion was, as we have before indicated, the care with which he maintained his position detached from the errors of every faction, familiarizing the people to the autocracy of a single intellect. The character of his intellect contributed even more than its degree to the rapid and facile acquisition of power. It had something of the serenity which gave to Pericles the title of Olympian.

"*Tranquillum vultus et majestate serenâ  
Malcentem radios.*"

And though his spirit was high and his rebuke could be crushing, yet it is remarkable that he never spoke of any man so as to make a conjunction with that man personally discreditable to either, if sanctioned by political principle.

Another characteristic of Pitt, growing out of the self-reliance which at the commencement of his career kept him aloof from party, was the firmness with which he adhered to his own judgment against the advice, however friendly and plausible, of inferior men. He could not be persuaded to

accept the office of Prime Minister before the Coalition was tried, nor to dissolve Parliament prematurely when the Coalition was overthrown—in this respect strongly contrasting Fox, for whose mistakes we are constantly told by his eulogists that the advice of friends was chiefly to blame. Nor amidst the leading attributes of Pitt's mind should we omit the quality of patience. He could always master his passions and wait his time. Neither pique, nor spleen, nor interest, nor ambition, could disturb this enduring fortitude of temper. Slighted by Lord Rockingham, he did not vent any resentment on the Rockingham Whigs. Spite was a thing unknown to him. Courtied by the Opposition against the Rockingham Government, he remained neutral; and though denouncing the Coalition Ministry and withholding from it all confidence, he refrained from every appearance of factious opposition against the persons who governed, reserving to himself solely the right to scrutinize their measures, and even supporting them (as on the Receipt Tax) where to oppose would have purchased popularity at the price of his convictions. Thus, by a natural seizure of the rapid succession of events afforded to him, he established character as well as fame; and, his public integrity and high moral bearing in parliament once acknowledged, no doubt his private virtues and even his less social attributes assisted to consolidate his political repute. It did much to counteract the attempts to adduce in his youth a disqualification for his eminence, that the usual follies of youth could not be urged against him; while his purity from every excess and his disdain of fashionable pleasure brought into greater light the private foibles and errors of Mr. Fox. If the two men were to be compared in point of age, Fox seemed the wild boy, Pitt the matured man. Yet we think too much stress has been laid on the private errors of Mr. Fox in their influence on his political fortunes; for those errors were most conspicuous at the time when his authority was most acknowledged in parliament, and his public character most in favor out of doors. They were not successfully charged against him till his political indiscretions made even many of his former apologists refer the reckless ambition of the statesman to the habits of a gambler and the despair of a bankrupt. Even had his manners been as rigid as Pitt's, those public indiscretions would have equally affected his hold on the general confidence and esteem. Nor should it be forgotten that if, as leader of a party, his personal faults were political defects, so in the same capacity his personal virtues were not less conspicuous as political

merits. Benignity and sweetness in social intercourse, cordial frankness, undaunted courage, the attractive warmth of a heart too genial for malice and too large for envy, were qualities that might well, in the eyes of his followers, redeem the riotous overflow of a rich vitality, and were inestimable advantages in the consolidation of party and the government of men. But Pitt's gain in his exemption from the follies of youth was not more to the benefit of his moral repute than to the concentration of his intellectual faculties. "A great passion," says Lava-ter, "bears no partner." Pitt's great passion, no doubt, was the love of power, but it was made pure by its very intensity—a love that chastened itself by exalting the character of its object. To govern England, but to govern nobly, was the one end to which he devoted all the vigor of surpassing faculties, with that singleness of purpose which gives even to mediocrity successes that fail to genius, when genius renounces its own superiority of force by relaxing its discipline and scattering its troops.

In estimating Pitt's eloquence, what most should be admired is its adaptation to his object; it was pre-eminent over that of all his contemporaries in the attribute of dignity; it was inferior to Fox's in playfulness, variety, in literary ornament and grace, in compact and nervous reasoning, and, above all, in vehemence and passion; it is immeasurably more suited to the man who speaks as the ruler of a nation and the councillor of a King; "he speaks," said Lord North, "like a born Minister;" and perhaps Pitt gained as much towards the acquisition of the objects to which his eloquence was devoted by his abstinence from certain varieties of beauty as by his abounding magnificence in others.

We incline to believe that it was not from penury but prudence that he so sparingly embroidered the senatorial majesty that pervades his style. A scholar so accomplished, with a memory so prodigious and a readiness so quick, could certainly have given to his orations the classical ornaments in which Lord Holland proclaims them deficient; and so great a master of sarcasm, possessed of a vivacity in his familiar circles which made no mean judge of the attribute term him "the wittiest man of his age," could surely have seasoned his discourse with jest and whim, if he had not thought that the spangles would little accord with the purple hem of his toga. Perhaps for the same reason there is in his speeches so little of metaphysical subtlety or abstruse speculation. To be plain with dignity—to be practical, yet broad—is the eloquence most adapted to gain its ends with the audience addressed by

Pitt. There are some beauties in literature which are the worst defects in oratory; and there is not a trace in Demosthenes of what in our closets we most admire in Burke. What has been said upon this score by a very liberal and very accomplished critic—no inconsiderable debater himself in the House of Commons—is equally wise and true.\*

"The eloquence of Mr. Pitt had not the fault which is sometimes imputed to it of a deficiency in large and philosophical speculation. In this sort of excursion, though it dealt sparingly, it could with no propriety be called deficient, for it dwelt enough.

"The objectors appear to forget that oratorical, like poetic composition, is in its nature not philosophical but popular. The object of both is to affect strongly; and no critical precept can be more universally familiar, nor more deeply founded in human nature, than this,—that the mind is strongly affected only by near and individual representations. The abstract theorems and generic conclusions of the metaphysician are destructive of that warm interest, that feeling of intimate concern, that sense, as it were, of home, which it should be the business of the orator to excite. In what precise degree philosophical discussion may enter into a popular oration, there can be no occasion to consider, so long as we recollect that being in its very nature extraneous, it can hardly appear too little; nor is it, therefore, intended to question the doctrine that an orator must build his reasonings on a solid basis of general principles. He must undoubtedly so build if he would not have his edifice overthrown by the first blast; but it is not the least important that this basis should be concealed from sight. The structure of his composition must be reared on the most massive foundations, while in semblance it is self-poised and pensile. His oratory throughout must be governed by an enlarged philosophy, but a philosophy which, though hidden from sense, is yet (we make the allusion with reverence) distinctly visible in its effects."†

But it is only on rare occasions that the true orator of the House of Commons has to nerve himself for the heights of the art. His reputation is more habitually fixed according to the strength and facility with which he moves upon level ground; and it is here more especially that Pitt excelled all his rivals. In the formal introduction of a question, in the perspicuity of explanation in detail, in short and apt rejoinder in business-like debate, no man was so delightful to listen to: the decorum of his bearing, the fluency of his diction, the exquisite lucidity of his utterance, must have been a relief to Fox's preliminary stut, shrill key-note, lifted flet, and redundant action—to Burke's Irish brogue and episcoidal discursions.

\* "Quarterly Review," No. 7. August, 1810. Review of Giffard's "Life of Pitt."  
† Ibid.

But above all, whether in rare orations or in every-day debate, Pitt possessed that one incomparable quality of uniform earnestness, which brings the character of the man to bear upon the effects of the speaker:

"Sermo imago animi—qualis vir, talis et oratio."

Thus, as one who enjoyed the privileges of a witness and a listener expresses it:

"The distinguishing excellence of his speaking corresponded to the distinguishing excellence of his whole mental system; every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and in delivery, evidently bore in our judgment the stamp of his character—all communicated to us a definite yet vivid appearance of the qualities of strenuousness without effort, unlabored intrepidity, and serene greatness."

Hence not only in the degree, but in the style and character of his eloquence, not only in the culture and power of his intellect, but in its harmony to the uses on which it was concentrated—not only in the accident of circumstances favorable to his fortunes, but in the judgment that scanned, the prudence that weighed, the readiness which seized, and the moral dignity which ennobled the occasions proffered to ambition, we may find the main causes which secured to Pitt his early supremacy of power. But a cause more operative than all was in his remarkable sympathy with the public opinion of his time. He and the people seemed thoroughly to understand each other. Nor must it be forgotten, that Pitt stood before the electors who returned the majority that secured his power, in the character of a practical Reformer. He might have been the choice of the King, but he could never have won the enthusiasm of the people if he had left to Mr. Fox the monopoly of popular opinions. To have rejected the India Bill would not have been enough, if he had not replaced it by an India Bill of his own. To have defended the prerogative of the Crown would have little bested him, if he had not made yet more conspicuous his zeal for the purity of the House of Commons, and his care for the liberties of the people. The position thus won was, however, beset with difficulties, the variety and magnitude of which startle the retrospection. The new election still left him alone on the Treasury bench, to encounter the same mighty leaders of debate against whose united eloquence it seemed but a few months before to many of his wisest friends—seemed almost to his own resolute mind—impossible to carry on the business of the Government. All hope of converting such

\* "Quarterly Review," No. 7. August, 1810. Review of Giffard's "Life of Pitt."

foes into allies was gone. He was pledged to various reforms, with Lord Thurlow for his colleague and George III. for his sovereign. To retain the countenance of the King, to preserve union in the Cabinet, yet to convince the people of his good faith and integrity, was a task in which a vigilant Opposition might well hope to expose his failure, and strand him upon either shoal—royal desertion or popular reprobation. The majority in the House of Commons, however large, was composed of sections that seemed little likely long to amalgamate—here, the opponents to every change, who saw in Pitt but the destroyer of the Whigs; and there, the ardent enthusiasts, who hailed him as the representative of progress.

If the personal difficulties of the minister were thus great, little had occurred to improve the prospects of the country since the date at which, in an earlier part of this sketch, we reviewed its calamitous and menacing condition. True that peace was now concluded; but that peace, not less galling to her pride because essential to the very springs of her existence, found England utterly drained of blood and treasure. Her utmost resources were believed to be inadequate to meet the debt she had incurred. Her income, unable to support even a peace establishment, was three millions less than her expenditure, including the interest of an enormous unfunded debt. Credit was still shaken to its centre by the startling fall of the funds under the preceding government: the 3 per cents. were between 56 and 57. The chances of a national bankruptcy furnished a theme to solemn pamphlets and despondent talk. Our military power appeared literally annihilated. At the close of the war 3000 men were the utmost force that could have been safely sent forth on any offensive duty; and even Pitt had been compelled, in defending the treaties of peace, to show that our naval supremacy had melted into a "visionary fabric." In the eyes of foreign nations the name of England was more abused than when the Dutch admiral had swept the Thames with his besom. For her weakness was now considered not the consequence of a malady, not the effect of a blow, but the fatal symptom of incurable decay. "No man," said Mirabeau, in one of his early writings, "would believe me when I prophesied that England would yet recover—that there was enough sap in her boughs to repair the loss of their leaves." At home the discontent which disasters abroad invariably produce was aggravated by the prospects of additional burthens, and fraught with danger to monarchy itself, by the contagion of those principles, which, identifying freedom with absolute democracy,

in America had established, and in France were preparing, a republic. The state of Ireland alone, in spite of concessions, which, indeed, by separating her more from the sister kingdom, rather tended to restore her to anarchy than reconcile her factions to social order, was sufficiently critical to demand the most temperate forethought, and strain the most vigorous intellect. An army of volunteers numbering not less than 40,000, and according to some authorities exceeding 70,000 men, had for four years occupied the island, defied its parliament, startled the streets of its metropolis with files of soldiers (opening a path to the congregation of political reformers), and dictated to either kingdom "as a national convention of military delegates," acting under no legal control; holding no communication with the executive, and equally formidable as subjects justly aggrieved and insurgents treasonably armed.

A future occasion may be found to pursue the marvellous career which commenced under difficulties so complicated—dangers so alarming. That in the scope of the survey, errors in policy, fallacies in opinion will appear, no rational admirer of Mr. Pitt will dispute; but the more minute the criticism, the more salient will become the countervailing merits of rectitude and wisdom; the more partial inconsistencies will vanish in the symmetry of uniform principles regulating definite and majestic action—the more the graver charges which the carelessness of the public has permitted to the injustice of party will receive the contradiction of facts, and Despotism and Intolerance lose all pretext to the sanction of that logical intellect and liberal heart. Yet to others less restricted in space and more competent to the task than ourselves, we would fain commend the ample and searching inquiry how a Sovereign whom Temple pronounced to be ungrateful, and Shelburne insincere,—who possessed even more than a Tudor the always kingly, often perilous, faculty of *Will*,—who had induced North for three years to belie his deepest convictions,—who had compelled Yorke in spite of honor the most sensitively fastidious to violate his promise to Lord Rockingham, "accept the Great Seal, and hurry home to die, whether of noble grief or by his own despairing hand"—with

\* "My brother," says Lord Hardwicke, in his journal, "went into the levee, was called into the closet, and in a manner compelled by the King. At his return from Court, about three o'clock, he broke in upon me, who was talking with Lord Rockingham, and gave us the account. We were both astonished, to use an obsolete but strong word, at so sudden an event; and I was particularly shocked at his being so overborne, in a manner I had never heard of, nor could imagine possible between subject and prince." Lord Hardwicke adds, in a letter to Lord Rockingham—"My poor brother's entanglement was such as



whom every minister hitherto brought in contact had wrecked either public character or political ambition; how a Sovereign made so dangerous to his councillors, not less by his virtues than his faults, was conciliated without loss of personal integrity or popular favor—how the people, expecting so much, and necessarily in some hopes disappointed, yet continued to rally heart and hand round the lofty, tranquil, solitary minister; how from the attitude of a despairing suppliant to which Fox had humbled her at the footstools of Frederic and Joseph, dismissed here with a shrug of the shoulders, there with a sneer of disdain, England, exalted by those mighty hands, rose high above the Royalties that had looked down upon her sorrow; her exhausted resources multiplied a thousandfold, her imposts but increasing her wealth

history can scarce parallel." On the 17th Yorkie had accepted the Great Seal; on the 20th he was a corpse. "A mystery," says Lord Albemarle ("Rockingham's Memoirs," Vol. ii. p. 164), "still hangs over the immediate cause of his decease; it was known that his death was attended by a copious effusion of blood. This was attributed to bursting a blood-vessel and to having been bled four times. Walpole says that every one believed he had fallen by his own hand,—whether on his sword or by a razor was uncertain."

by stimulating her recruited energies; her malcontents united to her laws; her empire consolidated in Ireland, as in India, from its centre to its verge; and realizing in the tribute to her marts and the reverence yielded to her flag the aspirations of Chatham and even the designs of Cromwell; how amidst the storm which swept from France the institutions of man and the monuments of God, her altars became more revered and the orb more assured to her sceptre; and how, when reluctantly COMPELLED into war which suspended the reforms but not the prosperity of peace, that Nation, when Pitt came to its succor, without the power to recruit the remnants of a beaten army, and contemplating bankruptcy as a relief from its burthens, coped, and not vainly, with him who united the hosts of Charlemagne to the genius of Alexander, saved for ends nobler far than conceived by their owners the thrones it retained as the landmarks of Europe, and animated by the soul breathed into its ranks (even when that soul was on earth no more) ensured the crowning victory by which the hand of Wellington accomplished the thought of Pitt.

**THE WOOL TRADE IN FRANCE.**—M. Petit, one of the oldest and most considerable of the cloth manufacturers of Louviers, has published in the *Journal des Debats*, a very interesting account of the woollen trade and of the making of cloth in France. M. Petit is a staunch free-trader, and his object is to show that the system of protection has worked infinite harm to France.

M. Petit begins by pointing out certain English cloth of the best quality, which no French cloth can compete with in price. This difference M. Petit states to be chiefly owing to the duty on wool, some twenty or twenty-five per cent., which is kept up in France, while the English have the advantage of untaxed foreign and colonial wool.

The more curious portion of M. Petit's observations has reference to the trade in wool. The importation of wool into France was free from 1815 to 1822. During that period a considerable quantity of Spanish wool was imported, the Spanish sheep-owners considering France as their regular and assured market. But in 1822, on the French squires obtaining full political power, they discovered that French wool brought much too low a price, and they placed accordingly a duty upon Spanish wool. One of

the singular results was that, instead of augmenting in price, wool diminished, and has never been so dear since.

No one is so able to explain the causes of this as M. Petit, not only because of his own manufacturing experience, but from the circumstance of his brother having married in Spain a lady of the Ulloa family, and having settled on her estates in Estramadura, where the producing and washing of wool became his chief occupation. The Spanish growers, says Mr. Petit, having no such ready market as France, continued to send their wool thither notwithstanding the duty, merely lowering their own price proportionately, and making the sacrifice to procure the sale. But being so badly remunerated, they no longer took the same care either with the breed of their sheep or the care of their wool, and the consequence was that in some years Spanish wool came to lose its superior qualities, and fine cloth manufacturers were obliged to turn to Saxony first, and finally to Australia, for their raw material.

So great is the cogeny of M. Petit's remarks, that the French Government will probably not delay to open their ports to Australian wool on the same terms as the mother country at present grants.—*Examiner*, 20th Oct.

From the New York Evening Post.

## AUTUMN IN AMERICA.

BY WM. ROSS WALLACE.

GLOOMILY strikes the coward Blast

On the sad face of the Mere :

To and fro are the dead leaves cast—

To and fro :

The Year is now but a dying Year—

The poor old heir of an icy bier !

As he goes, we must go.

They have said, in a glorious Land away,

In a Land beyond the sea,

That as Autumn here has gorgeous hues,

We should paint her gorgeously.

I know that the Frost-King brightly sheens

The mazy wood in the cool, calm eyes,

And at morning the Autumn proudly leans

Like a glorious woman on the leaves ;

But the hue on her cheek is a hectic hue,

And the splendor soon must leave her eyes,

And a mist creep over the orbs of blue,

Whenever the rainbow-lustre flies

From the larch and the ash and the maple-tree,

And the orchis dies and the aster dies,

And the rain falls drearily.

The rain comes down on the lonely Mere,

And the mist goes up from the Wave,

And the pale west Wind sobs low and drear,

At night o'er the little grave ;

Like a weeping mother the pale Wind sobs

Over the little grave.

Then the trees—that gave, in the summer time,

Each one his different tone,

This, glad and proud as a cymbal's chime,

That, making a harp-like moan—

All falling in with the Wind that grieves

O'er the little grave and the withered leaves,

Together make a moan,

While the desolate moon weeps half the night

In a misty sky alone ;

Not a star to be seen in the misty night—

The moon and the sky alone.

Yet a grandeur broods over all the woe,

And a music 's in every moan—

As through the forest-pass I go,

The cloud and I alone ;

I face the blast and I croon a song,

An old song dear to me,

Because I know that the song was made

By a Poet—now in the grave-yard laid—

Who was fashioned tenderly.

O, great mild Heart !—O, pale dead Bard !

For thee, on the withered grass,

When the Autumn comes, and the pale Wind  
counts,

Like a weak wan nun with fingers cold,

Her string of leaves by the forest founts,

I chant a Poet's mass ;

And the Mist goes up like incense rolled,

And the Trees bow down like friars stoled.

Away ! away ! for the mass is said,

And it breaks the heart to think long of the dead ;

But where can I go that the winds do not sing ?

To the house ? Ah, there from the far bleak  
shores :They will stalk, with a pale-mouthed mutter-  
ing,

Like ghosts through the lonesome corridors.

O, Land away o'er the dark blue sea !

The good God loves us too ;

The year is with us as it is with thee—

For he weareth every hue.

It is from the darkness and the blight

That we love the bloom and we know the light.

Gloomily strikes the coward Blast

On the sad face of the Mere ;

To and fro are the dead leaves cast—

To and fro ;

The Year is now a dying Year—

The poor old heir of an icy bier !

As he goes, we must go.

TO THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK SET UP IN  
A NEW PLACE.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

OLD things are come to honor. Well they might,

If old, like thee, thou reverend monitor !

So gravely bright, so simply decorated,

Thy gold but faded into softer beauty,

While click and hammer-stroke are just the same

As when my cradle heard them. Thou holdest on

Unwearied, unremitting, constant ever.

The time that thou dost measure leaves no mark

Of age or sorrow on thy gleaming face ;

The pulses of thy heart were never stronger,

And thy voice rings as clear as when it told me

How slowly crept the impatient days of childhood.

More than a hundred years of joys and troubles

Have passed and listened to thee, while thy tongue

Still told in its one round the unwearied tale—

The same to thee ; to thee how different,

As fears, regrets, or wishes gave it tone !

My mother's childish wonder gazed as mine did

On the raised figures of thy slender door ;

The men, or dames, Chinese, grotesquely human,

The antlered stag, beneath its small round win-  
dow,

The birds above of scarce less size than he ;

The doubtful house, the tree unknown to nature.

I see thee not in the old-fashioned room

That first received thee from the mother-land.

But yet thou 'mindst me of those ancient times,

Of homely duties and of plain delights,

Whose love, and mirth, and sadness sat before  
thee.

Their laugh and sigh both over now, their voices

Sunk and forgotten, and their forms but dust.

Thou, for their sake, stand honored *there* awhile,

Honored wherever standing ; ne'er to leave

The house that calls me master. When there's  
none such

I thus bequeath thee, as in trust, to those

Who shall bear up my name,

For each that hears

The music of thy bell strike on the hours,

Duties between and Heaven's great hope beyond  
them.

## WEEKLY GOSSIP OF THE ATHENÆUM.

THE return of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition to New York may be said to close the eventful history of modern Arctic exploration, commenced by the despatch of Sir John Franklin's Expedition in 1845. It is true that we have yet to learn the results of the Expedition despatched this summer by the Hudson's Bay Company to search for the traces of Franklin and his party which are said to exist near the mouth of the Fish River; but it is not probable that this Expedition will add to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions. The accounts of Dr. Kane's proceedings, published in the New York papers, enable us to arrive at the conclusion that he has accomplished a very daring and adventurous voyage, which will add to his already high reputation as an Arctic navigator. The Expedition of which he had the command was equipped in the early part of 1853, and sailed on the 21st of May in that year from New York. It consisted of the brig *Advance*, which carried seventeen persons, including the officers, and provisions for three years. The ostensible object was to search for Sir John Franklin by a new route along the west coast of Greenland, passing through Smith's Sound, and, if possible, into a Polar Sea, which was supposed to exist to the north. Great success attended the Expedition during the first summer. The party reached the headland of Smith's Sound as early as the 6th of August, 1853, when further progress became difficult on account of the great accumulation of ice. The vessel was however warped through the pack, and the Expedition finally gained the northern face of Greenland at a point never before reached. "Here," says the account published in the New York papers, "the young ice froze around the vessel, and compelled them to seek a winter asylum, in which they experienced a degree of cold much below any previous registration. Whiskey froze in November, and for four months in the year the mercury was solid daily. The mean annual temperature was five degrees below zero. This is the greatest degree of cold ever experienced by man." This last assertion is not correct. The scurvy now broke out, but was controlled by judicious treatment. A more terrible enemy, and one novel in Arctic adventure, was tetanus, or lock-jaw, which killed fifty-seven of their sledge dogs. In the ensuing Spring the search was commenced, Dr. Kane heading a party in March, along the north coast of Greenland, which was followed until progress became arrested by a stupendous glacier. "This mass of ice rose in lofty grandeur to a height of 500 feet, abutting into the sea. It undoubtedly is the only obstacle to the insularity of Greenland, or in other words, the only barrier between Greenland and the Atlantic. It is, however, an effectual barrier to all future explorations. This glacier, in spite of the difficulties of falling bergs, was followed out to sea, the party rafting themselves across open water spaces upon masses of ice. In this way they succeeded in travelling eighty miles along its base, and traced it into a new northern

land." This part of Dr. Kane's explorations, as described in the above extract, is not clear. We apprehend that by the Atlantic is meant a Polar sea, which is claimed as the great discovery of the Expedition. "The channel leading to those waters was entirely free from ice, and this feature was rendered more remarkable by the existence of a zone, or solid belt of ice, extending more than 125 miles to the southward." The lashing of the surf against this frozen beach is stated as having been most impressive. The land attached to Greenland by ice has been named Washington, and that to the north and west of the channel leading out of Smith's Sound, Grinnell. The second winter was one of great suffering,—scurvy attacked the party, and at one time every man of the Expedition except Dr. Kane and Mr. Bonsell were laid up by this disease. To aggravate their misfortunes there was a deficiency of fuel, and they were even obliged to adopt the habits of the Esquimaux, and live upon raw walrus flesh. As it was impossible to disengage the ship from her icebound position, it was resolved to abandon her, and on the 17th of May, 1855, the party commenced their journey to the south in boats and sledges, and finally arrived on the 6th of August at the North Danish settlements in Greenland, having travelled 1,300 miles. Here they were rescued by the American Government Expedition, despatched this year in search of them. The Expedition had the misfortune to lose three men, two from tetanus, and one from abscess following frost bites. With these exceptions, the party have returned in good health, and Dr. Kane is reported to be even improved in personal appearance by his hardships.

AN interesting manuscript copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated work on Painting has recently been discovered at Brussels. It is the same copy which, two centuries ago, was illustrated by Poussin with a series of original drawings, and from which the first edition of Da Vinci's work, edited by Raphael Du Fresnoy, and embellished with engravings after the very drawings now discovered, was printed, at Paris, in 1651. The MS.,—according to an autograph memorandum on one of the fly-leaves by a M. Chantelou, steward to the household of Louis the Fourteenth,—was brought from Rome to Paris in 1640. Not having been heard of since 1651, it has now turned up in a second-hand furniture sale, where M. Heussner, a bookseller at Brussels,—the present happy possessor,—bought it.

WE read in the *Karlsruher Zeitung*, that Dr. Fredegar Mone, of the University of Heidelberg, has discovered, in the Convent of St. Paul's, Carinthia, a codex of Pliny the Elder, containing about the seventh part of the *Natural History* (*Libri xi. to xv.*), being the largest of the palimpsests hitherto discovered.

THE Dutch schooner *Atlante* has sailed, on the 17th of October, from Nieuwe Diep, for the Arctic Seas, in order to take a part in the investigations into the nature of the oceanic currents, after the system of Lieut. Maury.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is interested in autographs, sends us, by way of warning to our celebrities, and in illustration of our own remarks, an account of a curious case of autograph collecting, which occurred in France some little time ago, although only recently brought to light. An ingenious rogue, being rather badly off, as rogues often are, hit upon a mode of replenishing his exchequer by means of a novel description of begging letter. Feigning himself to be in the deepest mental distress, overwhelmed with an accumulation of agonizing miseries, which had driven him to absolute despair, he professed himself to be utterly disgusted with life, and on the point of terminating his troubles by committing suicide. In this state of mind, he pathetically entreated the person addressed to inform him confidentially what he really thought of the right of the overburdened wretch to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Having crowded into his letter all the touching and miserable words at his command, he wrote copies of it to many of the most distinguished persons in Europe. In due time answers came crowding in. Espartaco replied laconically, "Sir, I do not advise you to kill yourself. Death is a bullet which we must all encounter, sooner or later, in the battle of life; and it is our part to wait for it patiently." Others—good-natured men—filled the four sides of their sheet of paper with the high teachings of lofty philosophy or with sound religious advice—replete with studied argument and amiable eloquence. The answer of Lacordaire was a masterpiece of evangelical persuasion. He offered to confer with the poor despairing wretch, and entreated him, with the warmest sympathy, to dismiss forever from his mind all thoughts of his meditated crime. Such letters were the very things which the impudent rascal wanted. As soon as received, they were taken off to a dealer in autographs, who purchased them at prices proportioned to the notoriety of the writer and the length of his effusion—5, 10, 20, and even 50 francs apiece. The trick was brought to light by a collector chancing to buy three of the answers. Finding them all upon one theme, his curiosity was excited; he called upon the dealer to inquire their history, and found that he had in his collection—all purchased, within a few days, from one person—five-and-forty similar letters. The whole were secured at the price of 600 francs. Amongst them are what the collectors call "admirable specimens" of Montalembert, Cardinal Antonelli, Fenimore Cooper, Xavier de Maistre, Sophie Gay, Abdel-Kader, Armand Marrast, Alexander Humboldt, Tony Johannot, Tagliioni, Henri Heine, Alfred de Vigny, Rachel, Sontag, Charles Dickens, Emilie Souvestre, George Sand, Jules Lacroix, and many others.

MR. BENTLEY, we see, is to produce three different editions of Mr. Prescott's "History of Philip the Second" (reviewed in another column), so as to meet the demand from all classes of purchasers. The law of copyright in England is very uncertain, as our publishers have found to their cost: and we think it would

be well were the trade generally, on moral grounds, to respect each other's rights—when these rights are legitimately acquired by purchase from the author,—so as not to provoke these perpetual lawsuits and conflicting decisions. Mr. Bentley, we have reason to know, has a legitimate property in the works of Mr. Prescott, and an interest in the sale which is shared by the distinguished American historian.

MR. BENJAMIN THORPE is about to publish a translation of Dr. Lappenberg's "History of England under the Norman Kings, or to the Accession of the House of Plantagenet. To which is prefixed an Epitome of the Early History of Normandy." The translator, we hear, proposes to make considerable additions to Dr. Lappenberg's original work.

THE German edition of Dr. Barth's "Travels in Africa" will be published, we read in the German papers, by Herr Justus Perthes, of Gotha. Dr. Barth has repaired to Gotha, in order to superintend in person the publication of his work.

THE correspondence of Silvio Pellico is about to be published at Turin. Persons who have any letters from him in their possession are invited to send them to M. G. Stefani, in that city.

MADAME and Herr Goldschmidt are expected to arrive shortly in England, for the purpose of giving concerts. The *Art-Journal* states that Madame Goldschmidt has expressed her intention of devoting the profits of one of the series to the Nightingale Testimonial Fund.

MR. BRISTOW'S "Rip van Winkle," the first opera by an American composer on an American legend in our recollection, has been produced in New York successfully, with Miss Louisa and Miss Pyne, Messrs. Harrison, Horncastle, and Stretton, in the principal parts. Of the merits of the composition it is impossible to form any opinion. The *Musical Review and Gazette* describes Mr. Bristow's music in language which may be submitted to those who can understand it:—"This is not dramatic music which Mr. Bristow gives us," says the critic; "it is rather a sort of subjective musical expansion of different matters."

Have we all eaten nightshade? asks *Somebody*, in some play,—on the occasion of some unexpected event falling out. In the same strain we may inquire, "Has the whole world gone mad about music?" When we read of the honors, presents, and compliments paid, in "foreign parts," to —'s pair of hands, or to —'s *c altissimo*—of silver locks engraven with Scripture text prepared for a *Nightingale's* chamber-door,—of a regiment of Russian soldiers placed under the colonelcy of Rubini,—we stand in need of a "Latter-day Prophet" to explain to us how such things can be. But among all odd homages, the oddest homage of modern times offered to exhibiting artist is that which (if newspaper report may be trusted) has been offered in the Brazils to that most quiet, most orderly, least eccentric of "lions"—M.



Thalberg. We read that a *quemada* was got up for his delectation,—otherwise, that a forest was set on fire—the first step towards clearing new ground for cultivation—in his honor:—strange substitute this for the torch procession with which the fickle enthusiasts of Germany treat one year a Mendelssohn—another a Wagner! What will be done for any artist succeeding M. Thalberg, who may be thought to excel him? Will the Americans burn a city?

THE Winter Exhibition of the Works of Modern British Artists will open for the private view next week in Pall Mall. Besides the pictures usually seen at the Winter Exhibition, we understand there will be a complete series of the engravings of the works of Sir Edwin Landseer—collected by Mr. Charles Lewis the engraver, and numbering more than three hundred plates. Some of these are etchings by amateur artists which have never been exhibited before in public.

A TRIAL took place in the French courts last week which has its interest for many of our readers, and the result of which should set such of our artists as have pictures in Paris in the Universal Exhibition on the watch. To our astonishment, it was decided (if we truly comprehend the bearing of the decision pronounced) that a man may photograph any picture on the walls of the Exhibition with or without the consent of the painter! Here is the case, as reported in the papers:—M. Müller, the artist, brought an action against M. Disderi, Director of the Photographic Society of Paris, to obtain payment of 500 francs for having published a photographic production of his large painting in the Exhibition entitled "Vive l'Empereur! 30 Mars, 1814!"—The photograph is not only taken, but is published. Where is the substantial difference between such a violation of M. Müller's copyright, and the theft of an engraver? We see none. The Court, however, thought otherwise. M. Disderi objected to the claim, on the ground that he had made no promise to pay anything, and that the most eminent artists who exhibit had allowed him to produce photographs of their works without payment. The tribunal, finding that M. Müller could not prove that any promise of payment had been made, and considering that

the photographic reproduction of a painting is calculated, by making the work widely known, to benefit the artist, declared the demand unfounded, and dismissed it, with costs.—A more extraordinary verdict is probably not on record. The reason is as strange as the decision, and will apply, as it seems to us, to the engraver as clearly as to the photographer. The engraver makes the picture more widely known; the literary pirate also makes a book more widely known. But we never heard before that this circumstance justified piracy. Our own artists, we believe, will seriously object to any application of this French license to the copying of their works, to be followed by photographic publication in Paris.

THE DRAINAGE OF THE LAKE OF HAARLEM.—M. Endegeest, President of the Commission for the Drainage of the Haarlem Lake, has recently published a final report on the condition of the enterprise, which the Commission expect to terminate at the close of this year. The total expense of the undertaking, from 1839 to 1855 inclusive, has been 8,981,344 florins, the revenue proceeding from the land redeemed and sold is estimated at 8,000,000 florins. The land was at first valued at 200 florins per hectare (2,471 English acres). But subsequent examination proved that the soil laid bare by the draining operations was of far greater value than was originally supposed. Thus in 1863, 784 hectares brought 575,000 florins, or 738 florins per hectare, and though subsequent sales have not realized such large prices, yet the land commanded a much higher price than the first valuation. "This result," says M. D'Endegeest, "surpassed all expectation, inasmuch as the grand object of the drainage was rather to put an end to the encroachments of the lake, than to make a lucrative speculation of it." It is stated that a great number of farms are springing up on all sides, and that the cultivation of the rich land is affording employment to many hundreds of laborers. The total amount of land available for agriculture is estimated at 18,000 hectares, and by proper care and supervision it is confidently expected that no water overflows will take place.

A HANDBOOK TO THE MARINE AQUARIAN: containing practical Instructions for constructing, stocking, and maintaining a Tank, and for collecting Plants and Animals. By Philip Henry Gosse, A. L. S.

THIS book is founded on the concluding chapter in Mr. Gosse's *Aquarium*, with additional information acquired since the publication of that book. Its object is to give practical hints and directions for the formation and management of a private aquarium, in which the ob-

server may find a continual source of amusement and instruction, watching the growth of the plants, the action of the fishes, and procuring a "light employment" for himself by the necessary attendance upon them. If the fact has not escaped us, the book would be improved by some indication of the extremes of temperature beyond which the water should not be allowed to rise or fall—unless no other direction is needed than not to let it get tepid in a hot summer's day.—*Spectator*.

From the Athenæum.

## LETTER OF BISHOP BONNER

SUPPOSED TO BE UNPUBLISHED.

IN the whole range of English historical characters, no one stands out more distinctly than Bishop Bonner. Everybody who knows anything of the period of our Reformation, and many who do not, are as intimately acquainted with his person as with his deeds. His rubicund, fat, comely, jolly-looking presence, which was the occasion of so many jokes amongst his contemporaries, — his smooth, round, florid, pleasant-looking countenance, his courtly manners, his speech ordinarily mild and placid, but conjoined to a temper which was easily ruffled, and, when that chanced to be the case, bursting forth in words not seemly in any man and extremely the reverse in a Bishop — these are peculiarities with which we are all familiar from infancy. To his friends he probably seemed very much of a gentleman, — courteous, gentle, and pleasant-speaking in the highest degree, — probably a little over-polite; but an extremely complaisant and agreeable person. To those who judged him merely by his looks and personal appearance, it must have been a mystery how it came to pass that the common people held him in such utter abhorrence, and applied to him a repulsive epithet which to this day he continues to share with his mistress, Queen Mary. It is obvious, even in the most partial accounts of the treatment of the people who were brought before him upon grounds of religion, that he behaved to most of them at first not merely with good temper, but with a great deal of seeming kindness. He tried to smooth down their ruffled feelings, to win upon their regard, to coax them into relinquishing their peculiar opinions. Over and over again we find him appealing to them so kindly and forcibly as to draw thanks and tears from bystanders interested in their fate. Yet this same man, with all his external kindness and pity, was capable of perpetrating the most monstrous cruelties with absolute heedlessness and *sang-froid*. An attempt was made a few years ago to show that the popular judgment respecting him was in part erroneous. The writer was a gentleman who loves truth above everything, and has done a great deal to promote the cause of historical accuracy. He proved indisputably that many things alleged

in books against Bonner were exaggerated; he dwelt at length upon the pleasant features of his character; but he was unable to remove one atom of the weight of that traditional odium which justly rests upon him as a willing minister in the perpetration of the most atrocious barbarities.

A letter of Bonner's which I met with a little while ago illustrates this part of his character. It is preserved in one of the invaluable volumes of State Papers bequeathed by William Petyt, the Keeper of the Records in the Tower, to the Library of the Inner Temple. I have never seen it in print or referred to. I believe its existence to be generally unknown. If it be so, you will do service to historical inquirers by directing attention to it. It is apparently addressed to Cardinal Pole, and treats of three subjects. The first paragraph relates to one "Stephen Cotton"; but this part of the letter is so damaged by time, and perhaps by some want of care in its keeping in past time, that I find it impossible to make anything out of it. The next subject runs through several paragraphs. It would seem that during the Protectorate of Somerset, Bonner had relinquished some lands which were in the possession of "his church." These lands were then in the possession of Lord Darcy, a well-known nobleman of that period. Bonner desired to be allowed, by the Queen's favor, to resume the lands he had relinquished. Probably the circumstances of this transaction might be recovered; but as it does not seem to connect itself very nearly with my present purpose, I have not investigated the facts, and pass them over at this time.

The third subject treated of in this letter is the one to which I principally wish to direct attention. Early in the morning of May-day in 1558, a company of men and women, about forty in number, assembled "secretly, in a back close in a field by the town of Islington" (Foxe, viii. 468), then a long way out of town, for the purpose of religious worship. They there engaged in prayer and the reading of the Bible. After a time, a person approached and saluted them. One of the company asked him, amongst other things, "Whether they might be so bold as there to sit." — "Yea," said he, "for that ye seem unto me such persons as intend no harm." He then left them. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the constable of Islington, with a

party of seven assistants, one armed with a bow, another with a bill, and the rest with other unnamed weapons, came suddenly upon the little flock of worshippers. The constable approached first and demanded their books, which, having learnt that he really was the constable, they delivered up to him. He then brought up his body of assistants. Some of the party fled; but, out of the forty, seven-and-twenty were arrested. The justice of the peace for Islington not being at home, the prisoners were marched off to the Old Bailey, to the house of Sir Roger Cholmley, who was or had been Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Sir Roger having sent for the assistance of the Recorder of the City of London, committed two-and-twenty of the persons apprehended to Newgate, where they lay unnoticed for about six weeks. Two of these unfortunates died in their wretched prison. On the 14th of June seven others of them were brought before Bonner, and after several examinations were consigned to the stake, and were all burnt in Smithfield on the 27th of June. They were the last of the noble band who there gave their solemn and unflinching testimony during the reign of Mary. Thirteen out of the twenty-two still remained in Newgate. Six more of them were selected for prosecution as soon as the batch of seven had been disposed of. After examination before the Bishop's Chancellor, the proceedings against the six were adjourned until the 11th of July, when their sentence was to be pronounced. It would seem that after examination they were confined first in Bonner's coal-house, attached to his residence at St. Paul's — a miserable shed, commonly used as a place of confinement for ecclesiastical prisoners — and afterwards at his palace at Fulham. Whilst in Bonner's custody — if there is any faith to be put in their testimony — he himself personally chastised them. Stephen Cotton, whose name appears in the first imperfect paragraph of this letter, distinctly states in a letter of his published elsewhere, "I have been twice beaten, and threatened to be beaten again by the Bishop himself." (Foxe, viii. 525.) It was whilst the six were still in Bonner's palace that he wrote the letter to which I have already alluded, the third paragraph of which clearly relates to these six persons. He says, they are still in his house, "pestering the same and doing much hurt many ways"; and he

suggests in the most careless off-hand way imaginable, as if he were proposing some arrangement connected with a party of pleasure, that he should have authority to get rid of the poor wretches, consigning them to the flames at Hammersmith, a little secluded village a mile from his house at Fulham, "for then," he says, "I can give sentence against them here in the parish church very quietly and without tumult, and having the Sheriff present — as I can have him — he, without business or stir, can put them to execution in the said place." The reason he assigns why he should be allowed to have this private burning of half-a-dozen of his fellow-creatures is, that "otherwise the thing [!] will need a day in Paul's, and with more cumbrance than now it needeth."

The Bishop did not exactly obtain his request: — perhaps Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, espied a too bare-faced illegality in his friend's request — but Bonner was allowed to go as near to his suggested course as possible. The six prisoners were duly taken to St. Paul's, on the 11th of July. Sentence of condemnation was there given against them in the presence of Sir Edward Hastings and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, two officers of the Queen's household. On the day following, the Lord Chancellor sent his writ to the Sheriff of Middlesex, to burn them — not at Hammersmith, but almost as near the Bishop's Palace — at Brentford — where the holocaust was accomplished on the 14th of July, 1558.

The whole letter, in its original uncouth orthography, stands as follows. I have conjecturally supplied several passages, of little importance, now decayed, but have placed all my additions within brackets. I have also extended the contracted words.—

“ . . . . .  
 ut of h  
 our flock  
 Stephen Cotton  
 commissioners yesterday advertised you  
 per, by whom also I made a sute to be of  
 may doo me much good, but never to my church  
 [I] take myself indeed for one almost spent, and  
 would be glad [if seeing I] some wayes hurt  
 my church in the tyme of the worship [full Duke]  
 of Somersette, I might by the good helpe of your  
 grace onto the [Queen's] maiestie, do it some  
 good again, and my sute is soo consonant to lawe  
 [and] iustice that if I may be soo suffered as any  
 subiecte beyng faythfull is suffered, that is to  
 saye to sue, and be sued, I nothing dowte I shall

by lawe obtayne. And in very dede if I were an heretike and in the tyme of that noughty Duke and Dukes that were in the late tyme, I should not fayle to have my lyving encreased, assuring your grace of my fidelitie, that I do spende a great deale moor then is my lyvelode, wherein thoughte I doo playe the foole, yet suche is the place that I am in that I can not otherwyse doo, beseeching therefore your grace most humble ye wilbe the healepe and meane for me to the moost gracious good queen that when the Lord Darcey and other by unlawfull accones did vsurp with. ....Great Darcey Sudmayster and other thinges belonging to my church, I may with her grace's favour entre upon theym lawfully again, saying I never did any acte wherby in lawe I have forgonne theym.

"Further may it please your grace concernyng these obstinate heretikes that doe remayne in my house, pester the same, and doying moche hurte many wayes, some order may be taken with theym, and in myn opinion, as I shewed your grace and my lord chancellor, it shuld doo well to have theym brent in Hammersmythe, a myle from my house here, for then can I giff sentence agaynst theym here in the parishe church, very quietly and without tumult, and having the shireff present, as I can have hym, he without busynes or stirre [can] put theym to execution in the saide place, when otherwise the thinge [will need a] day in Paul'es and with moor comberance, then now it nedeth. And [so mo]st humble I take my leave of your grace, beseeching the same [that I may] be advertised with speede of your pleasure. Scribled in haste [this \*\* day of] July 1558.

"Your graces most humble bedesman

"and servant

"EDMOND LONDON."

We have here an apt illustration of the dyer's hand taking the very color in which it works. The long course of the hideous persecution — which had now lasted for three years — had brought the actors in that terrible iniquity to think lightly of the lives which they sacrificed. Bonner writes —

scribbles in haste — upon the subject with a listless carelessness which indicates the most supreme indifference. The consignment of half-a-dozen human beings to the most frightful torture was a "thing" merely to be got over with as little fuss as possible. It was not worth the trouble of "a day in Paul's." A man of really kindly feeling would have avoided the neighborhood of such a scene, horror-struck; Bonner endeavors to bring it as near as possible to his own home. The letter reflects light also on the character of Pole and Gardiner. Bonner would not have dared to write to them on such a subject in a style so *nonchalant*, if he had not known that the tone was familiar to them, and not disagreeable. The desire to do "the thing" snugly and to avoid "a day in Paul's" may be referable to two feelings. A "scene" such as generally took place at a public condemnation may have been disagreeable to the polite and externally amiable prelate. He knew the estimation in which he was popularly held, and could not have desired to increase the adverse feeling; — or, it may have been that he saw the rising popular indignation beginning to surge dangerously around him, and that he desired to avoid it as much as possible. Both feelings may have operated upon the mind of Bonner. Either way, it goes to show what an amount of real cruelty may exist under a covering of external politeness. It shows, also, the justice of the popular judgment of Bonner's character, expressed in a line to be remembered for its truth, if it cannot be admired for its elegance:

CARNIFICIS nomen debetur jure BONERO.

B.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE: an American View of the War in the East. By William Giles Dix. New York: Norton.

AN argument in behalf of Russia, based on the ridiculous assumption that the Czars are the champions of Christianity. Mr. Dix is humorous and sarcastic by turns, and winds up with a conflagration of bombast on the results of some approaching catastrophe. The principal figure of the scene, as far as we can make it out, is an "immortal arch," under which symphonies will roll. Before this end can be accomplished, Rus-

sia must possess the Ottoman Empire, which she will hold by a better title than that by which England holds Gibraltar. Is this title, asks Mr. Dix, "as immaculate as the record of an angel's orison?" Side by side with his modern instance of English perfidy Mr. Dix arrays evidence of our former barbarism, and alludes, with irresistible sarcasm, to Stonehenge and the Druids. Where was the Plato, where the Demosthenes of the Britons? In this vein of imagery Mr. Dix rhapsodizes through two hundred and fifty pages. — *Athenaeum*.



From *The Athenæum*.

*The Life of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., the only Native of New England who was created a Baronet during our Connection with the Mother Country.* By Usher Parsons. Boston (U. S.), Little & Co.

THE father of America's solitary baronet was a hard-working Welchman, who emigrated to the Isle of Shoals, and there, amid storms and struggles, plied the calling of a humble fisherman, rose to the condition of a general merchant, and bequeathed to his son the fortune and position of a gentleman. The future baronet was born at Kittery Point, in 1696, at which time there was more jollity in Maine than prevails there at present. Here is a sample of social manners as they existed when Will Pepperrell was young:

"The launching of vessels was, in those days, attended by all persons of both sexes living in the vicinity, who expected an ample supply of good cheer, — rum for the men, and wine for the fairer sex. A barrel of each was the allowance on this occasion. The bottle was attractive and probably indispensable in all gatherings for mutual aid, whether log-rolling, corn-husking, rafting of timber, or raising of houses, and a militia company could drill only under the excitement of a treat from the captain. Even at ordinations the reverend divines must have a glass to quicken the fervor of their devotions. In a bill of expenses incurred on such an occasion, in the vicinity of Kittery Point, there are charged eight quarts of rum and two of brandy, for the clergy and council. And still worse, funerals were made an occasion for circulating the intoxicating cup, where the sighs and tears of sympathizing friends were awakened by the customary beverage, *spiced rum*. We have before us several bills for funeral expenses, incurred in the early part of the last century, in which this is mentioned. One of them specifies the ingredients thus: 'Five gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar, and half-a-pound of allspice, to make spiced rum.' With such a network of temptations spread over society, it is wonderful that any escaped — that all were not rendered confirmed inebriates; but the Pepperrells, it is believed, always remained temperate."

Among such a population, the majority of whom prayed as heartily as they drank, and accounted good fellowship to be in nowise inconsistent with a devout spirit, young Will was strictly trained to the observance of all good rules save those of etymology and syntax. He was, however, a precocious boy, and at an early period became the amanuensis of a sire who had risen from the hard condition of a fisherman to that of princely merchant and judge. They were times of excite-

ment, and even a quiet party on their way to dine with a neighbor could never be sure of not being tomahawked on the way. By the hearth at which such a boy grew there was, of course, no lack of stirring story.

"Cradled amid the dangers of savage warfare, and while the lurking foe was prowling about the very neighborhood, and ever and anon lighting upon unsuspecting victims, his young mind must have become familiarized to tales of horror. While nestling in his mother's arms, we may well imagine him often listening to the recital of what she had seen and heard of exciting incidents and dire alarms in her day, — how her neighbor and intimate friend, major Charles Frost, was waylaid and shot while returning from church, — how her neighbor, Mr. Shapleigh, was killed, his son taken captive, his fingers bitten off, and the bleeding vessels seared with a hot iron, — how her intimate friend, Mrs. Ursula Cutts, after spreading her hospitable board for the Waldron family, and while awaiting their arrival to dinner, was pounced upon by lurking savages, and herself and field laborers tomahawked and scalped, — how twenty-one persons were killed or taken captive at Sandy Beach (Rye), only three or four miles distant, — how another party came there and killed fourteen and captured four others, and burnt the village, — and how numerous massacres and savage cruelties were perpetrated only a few miles distant, at Cocheco, Oyster River, and Salmon Falls."

Pepperrell received a better education by coming early in contact with the world than if he had been sent across the ocean to college. He had the "raising" suitable for the objects he had in view; and he was engaged in trade before some lads have gone through their accidence. He engaged in it to some purpose, and with great success; became a popular representative, a councillor, a military man, and a chief justice! He never imported slaves, but he was served by his own, and occasionally dealt in the transfer of that article. He had as much taste for warlike pursuits as for those of the counting-house; prospered by following both, and was beloved by all his kinsmen until they discovered that his father had left him nearly sole heir to a very large property.

Nothing troubled therewith, yet not lacking liberality to needy relatives, the prudent gentleman married wisely, was hailed father by a son and daughter, and was, in one respect, very like young Norval's father, "whose constant care was to increase his store." Mr. Pepperrell was a "warm man" of the mature age of eight-and-forty when, having

achieved fortune, it was now given to him to accomplish fame. The French had exhibited an inclination to go to war with us, and they soon realized what they intended. The circumstance afforded Pepperrell an opportunity to be a hero; he was not slow to avail himself of it, and he was among the first to discover that if the French were to be overcome in America, the necessary preliminary step was the reduction of their great stronghold, Louisburg. But caution was necessary.

"To obtain the opinion of the General Court on this subject, the governor, early in January, requested its members to take an oath of secrecy respecting a proposition he was about to lay before them. This was something new in colonial legislation, but was complied with, and the plan of attacking Louisburg was now submitted to their consideration. Secrecy was observed for some days, but the affair then accidentally leaked out. A pious old deacon, a member of the legislature, was so filled with the matter, that he was overheard at his private devotions, invoking Heaven for its smiles on the enterprise. The boldness of the proposal at first astonished every one. It was referred to a committee, who reported against it, and thus the whole affair was supposed to have received its quietus."

Ultimately, however, the enterprise was determined on, and "Colonel William Pepperrell," whose purse as well as exertions had been devoted to the furtherance of success, was placed at the head of a respectable Colonial force. The celebrated Whitefield was one of his advisers on this occasion, and a number of that apostle's followers enlisted under the Colonel; and, as "a proof of the prevailing religious feeling," says the author, "one of them, a clergyman, carried upon his shoulder a hatchet for the purpose of destroying the images in the French churches."

Into the details of the siege it is not necessary to enter; but a few of the incidents are worthy of notice. The Colonial troops were under the command of the now "Lieutenant-General Pepperrell," with whom a naval force co-operated under Warren. A landing having been effected, Pepperrell lost no time in commencing the siege, the opening of which was highly auspicious.

"The same afternoon, May 1st, he despatched Colonel Vaughn with four hundred men to the town to reconnoitre, who led his troops through the woods quite near to the garrison, and gave three cheers, and at nightfall marched circuitously around Green Hill, that overlooked the garrison, to the north-east part of the harbor. Here they set fire to ten or twelve buildings, in-

cluding warehouses, containing naval stores and a large quantity of wine and brandy. The smoke, driven three-fourths of a mile toward the grand or royal battery, frightened the enemy, who supposed the whole army was coming on them in that direction, and spiking the cannon, and throwing the powder into a well, they fled in boats to the town, nearly a mile distant. The next morning, Vaughn, on his return to camp in company with thirteen men, not knowing of the panic he had occasioned, crept to the top of Green Hill, which overlooked the grand battery, for the purpose of learning something of its situation and strength. He was surprised to see that the flag was gone, and that no smoke issued from the chimneys of the barracks. He hired one of his party, a Cape Cod Indian, to enter into the fort and open the gate. Vaughn then took possession, and wrote to General Pepperrell: 'I entered the royal battery about nine o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag.' A red coat was, however, used as a temporary substitute, which a soldier carried in his teeth, and nailed to the top of the flagstaff. The French soon discovered their mistake, and sent a hundred men in four boats to retake the battery. But Vaughn, with his small band, amidst the fire from the city, alone upon the open beach resisted their landing till he was reinforced, when the French, perceiving a detachment from Pepperrell approaching, retired and left the English in possession of the battery."

There was a bloody struggle of some seven weeks' continuance, with a glorious victory at the end of it—the more glorious that it was gained over a gallant enemy who deserved all the honors of war that were cheerfully granted him. As for the victors, —

"A banquet was prepared by Pepperrell for the officers. Several chaplains were present, and the senior one, old Parson Moody of York, the uncle of Mrs. Pepperrell, was of right called upon to crave the blessing. Moody's friends were anxious lest he should disgust the guests by a prolix performance, such as he often indulged in; but his temper was so irritable that none would suggest that brevity would be acceptable. They were agreeably disappointed and highly gratified by his performing in the following manner: 'Good Lord! we have so many things to thank thee for, that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity. Bless our food and fellowship upon this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord, Amen.'"

It was for his services at this siege that Pepperrell became "Sir William;" but the pious baronet attributed the happy result to the divine interposition alone, "in answer to the prayers that were offered up daily by the people throughout New England, and weekly in meetings of most of the religious societies specially convened for the purpose." There

was great jealousy in New England, when it was reported that the keys of Louisburg had been surrendered, not to the Colonial General, Pepperrell, but to the English Commander, Warren. Although this was not the case, the impression produced by the report to that effect was so lasting as to still rankle in the minds of many of those who took a part against the Crown in the Revolutionary War. The colonists thought more of this than they did of the defective commissariat, whereby the lives of the gallant men appear to have been as recklessly sacrificed as those of England's fighting men have been in later times. Meanwhile, Sir William remained in command at Louisburg until the spring of 1745.

"Sir William Pepperrell remained at Louisburg until late the following spring. The place was kept under martial law, and a council or court was held two or three days in each week for trying delinquents, Warren and Pepperrell acting as judges. The record of their court is still preserved, and is a curiosity. Among other complaints before the court, was one against Capt. Piercy, who was charged by three complainants with drinking 'Long life to the Pretender,' which, at that time, was deemed high treason. Piercy was arraigned before the court, and the charge and affidavits being read in a solemn tone, the question was put, 'What is your defence, sir?' in reply to this charge of treason, in drinking long life to the Pretender. 'May it please your Honors,' said the captain, 'the complainants entirely misunderstood me. I drank "long life to the potatoes!"' The captain's defence was deemed satisfactory."

Mr. Usher Parsons remarks that the military service rendered by the four thousand colonists who fought at Louisburg was the rehearsal, as it were, of the more serious drama enacted in the War of Independence. The same old drums that marched into the French fortified town rallied the patriot troops in their march to Bunker's Hill. Pepperrell's batteries were planned by Col. Gridley, who laid out the one where General Warren fell; and when Gage erected his mud breastworks across Boston Neck, the Americans "remarked sneeringly that they were nothing compared with the stone walls of old Louisburg." The sneer was, no doubt, all the more angry of quality as it was recollected that the Mother Country had been tardy in reimbursing the Colonial Government for its outlays, and had treated the Colonial troops most unjustly with regard to prize-money. Their chief, however, was not a Cincinnatus,

to return to his plough. He went home to maintain the state belonging to his rank:

"Sir William was surrounded by numerous relatives, requiring aid, which, added to his expensive style of living, drew heavily on his fortune, already diminished by the Louisburg expedition. He was ambitious, however, to maintain a style of living suited to his elevated rank. He was head of the council, chief justice on the bench, colonel in the royal army, and a Baronet, all which necessarily drew many distinguished visitors to his house, whom it was his choice as well as duty to greet with an elegant reception. His walls were hung with costly mirrors and paintings, his sideboards loaded with silver, his cellar filled with choice wines, his park stocked with deer, a retinue of servants, costly equipage, and a splendid barge with a black crew dressed in uniform,—all these, especially after his return from Europe, were maintained in baronial style."

Here is our baronet at church. It is Sir Roger de Coverley "with a difference:"

"He passed much time at the house of Rev. Mr. Morrill, and always attended meeting when here on Sunday. His dress was usually in the expensive style of those days, of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold lace, and a large powdered wig. When strangers were present at meeting, it was common to solicit a contribution, the avails of which were the perquisites of the minister. Pepperrell would sometimes, it is said, throw a guinea into the box, in token of friendship and regard for the worthy pastor."

Sir William was not a mere selfish trader, or a dignitary with heavy purse but with slight sympathies for the honor of his flag. He was usefully employed during the subsequent years of war. Here is a word as applicable as ever to the question of the age.

"The French war reflected little honor on the British arms until Pitt was placed at the helm of government. Whatever was achieved during four years, from 1754 to 1758, was the work of provincial troops, and all the defeats and disasters were chargeable to the incapacity or dogged obstinacy of British commanders. When Pitt, with discerning eye, saw that American valor was equal, and skill superior, to British regulars against allied French and Indians, with all their experience in military tactics, he elevated them to an equal rank, and gave the command of the armies to younger and more enterprising generals. Amherst, Wolfe, Johnson, and Bradstreet soon turned the tide in favor of the British armies, and achieved the conquest of Canada."

Louisburg was restored to the French, but it was, ultimately, again taken by the English and dismantled. This was a consolation to the now active country gentleman, Sir William, of whom there is something suggestive

to all country gentlemen in what is said of him in connection with his books:

"Sir William expended liberally in the purchase of books. Guided, in some degree, in his selections by the advice of his pastor, a large portion of them were religious, with some historical and but few miscellaneous. The graceful biographer of the Rev. Dr. Buckminster remarks that his father-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Stevens of Kittery Point, enjoyed such privileges during a winter's day as rarely fell to the lot of clergymen of that time, in his free access to the library of Sir William Pepperrell, which consisted of the best English editions of standard works imported by himself. When his library had grown so as to be burdensome, a large number of volumes were selected to form, in conjunction with contributions from other individuals, what was called the Revolving Library, for the benefit of the first and second parishes in Kittery, and one in York, each parish enjoying its use a certain portion of the year."

Like Osric, the American baronet was now, "spacious in the possession of dirt." He could travel from Piscataquis to Saco river, "nearly thirty miles on his own soil." His possessions were very large in other districts, "and in Saco alone he owned 5,500 acres, including the site of that populous town and its factories." His enjoyment of what he had reaped was only marred by attacks of rheumatism, to which he had been subject since his constant exposure at Louisburg. He died in his sixty-third year, just previous to the outbreak of the Revolution, leaving his property to be divided, after the death of his wife and daughter, among the children of the latter. His son died childless, in his father's lifetime, partly of vexation at the marriage of a lady whom he had himself most shamefully jilted. The narrative of this bit of scandal

affords a most amusing insight into colonial manners in the olden time. Sir William's grandchildren had come to what is called years of discretion, and they cast in their lots with the Crown against the revolted, or patriotic, Colonists. The consequences were disastrous:

"Thus the princely fortune of Pepperrell, that required a century to construct, from the foundation laid by John Bray the shipwright, to the massive structure raised by the fisherman William Pepperrell, and completed by his son Sir William, fastened and secured though it was, by every instrument that his own skill and the best legal counsel could devise to give stability and perpetuity, was in a brief hour overthrown and demolished, and its fragments broadcast, by the confiscation act of 1778; and two of his daughter's grandsons have since been saved from the poor-house by the bounty of some individuals, on whom they had no claims for favor. 'Surely every man walketh in a vain show. He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.'"

The descendants of the baronet's daughter are still to be traced in the States. Her second son appears to have extricated himself from ruin with some success, for he died in a mansion in Portman Square, in the year 1816, at the good old age of seventy-five. Of this record of his grandfather it only remains to be stated, that it is creditable to the skill and patience of Mr. Parsons, who has formed it out of old family papers and documents, some of which, from dirt, water, fire, and other mischances, were almost illegible. It constitutes, as will have been seen from our analysis and extracts, a perfect little history in itself, — of equal interest on either side of the Atlantic.

**THE POET OF FRANCE.** — The first bust for which M. Béranger has ever consented to sit is just completed; and is said by our French neighbors to be a happy likeness of the veteran *chansonnier*. It has a further interest as being the work of a very young lady, Mlle. Devasme, daughter of an actor connected with the *Théâtre Français*.

In Routledge's shilling series of novels, appears a tale by an American writer of much promise, *The Hidden Path*, by Marion Harland, author of "Alone." The story bears marks of considerable power, and, what is better, of a hearty and genial spirit, the improving influence of which will be felt by the reader. — *Literary Gazette*.



## A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.

THE following very striking letter is given to us by the St. Louis Presbyterian as addressed to a clergyman of that city. Let all who doubt what home teaching may do, — who turn with despondency from the task of planting the seed of truth even in the storms of a licentious youth, — read and ponder over it. — *Episcopal Recorder.*

St. Louis, Sept. 16th, 1855, }  
Sunday Evening. }

REV. SIR, — To-night, for the first time in four years, I have been seated in God's Holy Sanctuary, and listened to the outpourings of scriptural wisdom or goodness. Your lips are the first that have given utterance to the mighty and sublime truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ, in my presence, for several weary, wicked years of my life.

A scoffer at religion and Christianity, a profane, profligate, and licentious man, I have, for more than five years, wallowed in the very cess-pool of depravity and sin. Stamped with crimes the most hideous and appalling, I deemed myself forsaken of God, despised by the world, and bereft of friends. 'Tis true, a mother's holy love, a father's hope in his son, and a sister's devotion, have clung to the poor wreck of my former self, and striven to withdraw me from the fearful vortex down which I am plunging, lower, lower, lower still! But they are far from me; the influence which they might exert over me, were I near them, loses its magic powers in the distance; and until to-night, until the past hour, I've given loose rein to my wildest passions, and, unmindful and reckless of everything, have let myself be driven towards the fathomless gulf of perdition, careless of the present, and indifferent of the life to come.

My associates are of a description worthy a wretch like me. Gamblers, drunkards, and profane swearers, are and have been my constant companions; with them, hand in hand, and side by side, have I sailed madly and desperately from every thing holy and good, toward a sinner's grave, and a sinner's awakening before the judgment throne of Almighty God!

I know not why I entered your place of worship to night. I was passing as they were singing, with my thoughts far away from everything good or pious, but the sound struck upon my

car, and arrested my feet. Mechanically, as it were, I mounted the steps, and stood before the door. I had then no thought of entering, but the gentleman in attendance invited me to a seat; scarce thinking what I was about, I followed him, and before I recovered my presence of mind, found myself seated in one of the pews of the church. I thought of leaving it immediately, for I had no desire to listen to words that might paint my wickedness in too bright a color. But I thought it ill-mannered to go out before the congregation was dismissed, so I remained. I paid but little attention to your prayer; I did not wish to hear. But when you gave forth your text, from which you delivered your discourse, I could not but notice the godly devotion which the few simple words conveyed.

*"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

I listened deeply, intently, to your sermon; my mind and heart floated along with the discourse, and drank in every word you uttered. Strange feelings entered my breast; I looked back to worldly pleasures, and could feel the truth of your words, when you pronounced them "All vanity, vanity of vanities!"

But I will not weary you with a recital of my thoughts and feelings. I left your church deeply impressed with what I had heard; I felt and now feel the power — not of your eloquence, but the sublime truths you set forth — upon me.

I could not retire until I had expressed to you a sinner's thanks. To-night I feel as though I was guarded by some holy spell; to-morrow I shall awake to the world and its hollow pleasures — shall awake to sin and folly, to mingle again with dissolute companions, and again partake of vice. There is no guardian hand to pluck me from the dangerous pitfall. I am an alien from all that's good and pure, and without friends to assist, or power to extricate myself from the company I keep, I feel I must sink down, down to a sinner's grave.

You are a holy man, a good man, a servant of the Lord. It seems almost sacrilege on my part to address you; but, sir, I again repeat, accept the grateful thanks of a wretched sinner. You have called my thoughts from evil for a few hours, and I bless you for it. When you kneel and offer up your prayers to heaven, remember those who dare not ask for salvation from their God. Truly and gratefully yours,

PEEPS FROM A BELFREY. By the Rev. F. W. Shelton. New York, Scribner & London, Trubner & Co.

THIS is one of the dullest and most commonplace of American works; the subject is sketches of clergymen who came within the observation of the writer. American clergymen must be heavy fellows, if the originals are like the pictures. The characters are either very uninteresting or the author lacks the talent of making them live and breathe; a less amusing or instructive book we have seldom had occasion to

wade through. We sincerely sympathize with the "Seven Sleepers," of whom we are told in one somnolent chapter, whose inattention to the discourse so enraged the pastor that he lifted up his voice to the highest pitch, in the belief that their drowsiness resulted from their inability to hear, rather than from his own inability to preach. We would not be too severe upon the American sleepers, who respond by a snore to the application of such intellectual narcotics as the Rev. F. W. Shelton seems to dispense. — *Athenaeum.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## LA RABBIATA.

THE sun had not yet risen, and a heavy mist hung over Mount Vesuvius, spreading on towards Naples, and enveloping the small towns on the coast. The sea was calm. On the beach of a small gulf under the Sorrentine rocks several fishermen were engaged in hauling up the boats and nets which had been used during the night, whilst others were preparing their tackle and trimming their sails for a fresh start. No one was idle; for even the old women had brought out their spindles, and the wives and children were engaged in work or play.

"Look there, Rachel! there is our padre," said an old woman to a little thing of ten years old, who played around her spindle. "He is just stepping into the boat. Antonino is to take him over to Capri. Holy Maria! how sleepy the venerable pastor looks." Thus saying, she greeted a little benevolent-looking priest, who was just seating himself in a boat, after having carefully lifted his long black robe and spread it on the bench. The men on the shore paused in their work to see the departure of their pastor, who nodded and greeted right and left.

"Why does he go to Capri, grandmamma?" asked the child. "Have the people there no priest, that they must borrow ours?"

"Silly child!" said the old woman; "they have plenty of priests over there, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not. But there is a noble lady who lived here for some time, and was so ill that more than once it was thought she could not recover, and the priest had to go to her with the Host. However, the Holy Virgin succored her; she is now strong and well again, and bathes in the sea every day. When she went from this place over to Capri, she gave a great heap of ducats to the church and to the poor, and would not go till the padre had promised to continue his visits to her there, that she might confess to him. She has wonderful confidence in him, and we may consider ourselves fortunate in keeping him as a pastor; for he has the talents of an archbishop, and many of the highest in the land inquire after him. The Madonna be with him!" Whereupon she again nodded towards the little boat, which was just pushing off from the shore.

"Shall we have fine weather, my son?" inquired the little priest, looking doubtfully towards Naples.

"The sun has not yet risen," replied the young owner of the boat; "it will soon clear away the mist."

"Then hasten on, that we may arrive before the heat of the day."

Antonino seized the long oar to push the boat into deep water, but suddenly stopped and looked up the steep path which led from the beach to the little town of Sorrento. The slight form of a girl was visible, hastening down the steps, and waving a handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her dress was plain in the extreme; but the head thrown haughtily back, and the noble cut of the features, contrasted strangely with her apparent poverty. The black braids of her hair were crossed above her forehead, like the diadem to which she seemed born.

"Why are we waiting?" asked the priest.

"There is a woman coming towards the boat who wants to go to Capri, if you do not object, padre. We shall not go any the slower, for she is a light little thing, scarcely eighteen years of age." At this moment the girl stepped from behind the wall which enclosed the winding path.

"Laurella!" said the priest; "what has she to do in Capri?" Antonino shrugged his shoulders. The girl advanced hastily with her eyes on the ground.

"How do you do, La Rabbia!" cried several of the young sailors. They would have said more, had not the presence of the priest restrained them; for the silent, scornful way in which the girl received their greeting seemed to irritate the rude fellows.

"How do you do, Laurella!" said the priest; "how are you to-day? Do you wish to go to Capri?"

"With your permission, padre."

"Ask Antonino—he is the owner of the boat. Every one is master of his own property, and God is Lord over us all!"

"Here is a half-carline," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman; "can I go for that?"

"You want it more than I do," murmured the young man, as he pushed aside some baskets of oranges to make room.

"I shall not go for nothing," replied the girl, knitting her black eyebrows.

"Come, child," said the priest; "he is a

good youth, and will not make himself rich at the expense of your little store. There, get in and sit down here by me. See, he has spread his jacket, that you may sit more comfortably: he did not do as much for me; but that is the way with young people—more care is taken of one little girl like you than of ten reverend gentlemen. Well, well, you need not excuse yourself, Tonino; this is always the way of the world!"

Laurella had meanwhile stepped into the boat and seated herself, but she pushed the jacket on one side without a word of thanks. The young sailor did not remove it, but murmured something between his teeth. He then pushed vigorously from the shore, and the little skiff flew out into the gulf.

"What have you got in that bundle?" asked the priest, while they sailed across the water, which was just now glistening in the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, thread, and a bit of a loaf, padre. I am to sell the silk to a woman in Anacapri who makes ribbon, and the thread to some one else."

"Did you spin it yourself?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I remember right, you have also learnt to make ribbons?"

"Yes, padre; but my mother is so much worse that I cannot leave the house, and we are not able to buy a loom for ourselves."

"O! is she worse? When I was with you at Easter she was sitting up."

"The spring is always the worst time with her. Ever since the great storm and the earthquake, she has suffered so much as to be obliged to keep her bed."

"Indeed! then you must be earnest in prayer to the Virgin for her, and be good and industrious, that your prayers may be heard." After a pause, he continued: "As you were coming down to the shore they shouted, 'How do you do, La Rabbia!' Why do they call you so? It is not a pretty name for a Christian girl, who should be soft, mild, and gentle." Her dark face crimsoned with blushes, and her eyes flashed.

"They mock me because I will not dance, and sing, and talk nonsense, like other girls. Why cannot they leave me alone? I do them no harm."

"But you should be courteous to every one. Perhaps you may not like to dance and sing, like others whose lives are happier;

but even hearts oppressed with sadness may give a kind word." She looked down, and contracted her brows, as if to hide the dark eyes beneath. For some time they continued their way in silence. The sun now shone brilliantly over the mountains; the summit of Vesuvius rose above the mist; and the houses in the orange-gardens around Sorrento looked dazzling white in the morning rays.

"Have you heard nothing more of that painter, Laurella—that Neapolitan who wished to marry you?" asked the priest.

She shook her head.

"He came once to take your picture; why did you refuse to allow him?"

"What did he want it for? There are many girls more beautiful than I am. And, then, who knows what he would have done with it? My mother said he might bewitch me, and injure my life, perhaps even hurt my soul."

"Do not believe such sinful things," said the priest earnestly. "Are you not always in the hands of God, without whose will not a hair of your head falls; and can a man like that, with a mere picture in his hand, be more powerful than our Heavenly Father? Besides that, you might have known he wished you well, or would he have asked you in marriage?"

The girl was silent.

"And why did you refuse to marry?" continued the priest, after a pause. "He was a good and handsome man, and would have supported your mother much better than you can do with the trifle you earn by spinning and silk-winding."

"We are poor people," replied Laurella vehemently; "and my mother has been so long ill, we should only have been a burden to him. Besides, I am not fit to be a signora. When his friends came to visit him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"How you talk! I tell you that he was an excellent man; and, besides, he would have come to live in Sorrento. You will not easily find such another: he seemed as if sent from heaven to succor you."

"I do not want a husband; I shall never marry!" she said disdainfully, as if speaking to herself.

"Have you made a vow, or are you going into a convent?"

She shook her head.

"People are right in calling you head-

strong. Do you consider that you are not alone in the world, and that you make the illness and poverty of your mother only more bitter by your obstinacy? What good reason could you have for refusing the honest man who wished to support you? Answer me, Laurella."

"I have a reason," said she in a low and hesitating voice, "but I cannot tell it."

"Not tell it?—not to me?—to your father-confessor? You know I always seek your good—do you not, Laurella?"

She nodded.

"Then unburden your heart, my child. If you are right, I will be the first to commend you; but you are young, and know little of the world, and may afterwards regret having thrown away your happiness for some childish fancy." She cast a hasty glance towards the young man, who, busy with his oar, sat in the bow of the boat, his woollen cap drawn down over his eyes. He was gazing on the sea, and seemed occupied with his own thoughts.

The priest saw her look, and bent down his ear.

"You did not know my father," she whispered, and her eyes were full of gloom.

"Your father! why, he died when you were scarcely ten years old, I think! What has your father, whose soul, I trust, is in Paradise, to do with your obstinacy?"

"You did not know him, padre! You do not know that to him alone is my mother's illness owing!"

"How so?" inquired the priest with surprise.

"Because he beat and ill-treated her. I remember well the nights when he would come home in a perfect fury. She never spoke a word, and did all he wished; but he would beat her till my heart nearly broke. I used to draw the covering over my head, and pretend to be asleep; but, in truth, I cried all night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, his manner would suddenly change; he would raise her, and clasp her in his arms, close to his heart, till she cried out half-suffocated. My mother forbade me to say a word about it then; but it had such an effect upon her, that, ever since his death, many years ago, she has never regained her health; and if she dies—which Heaven forbid!—I know who will have killed her."

The little priest shook his head, and seemed

uncertain how far he should acknowledge the justice of the girl's reasoning. At last he said: "Forgive him, my child, as your mother has forgiven him. Do not let your thoughts dwell on such sad scenes, Laurella: better times are in store for you, and all this will be forgotten."

"Never! I shall never forget it!" she said shuddering. "And it is this which has determined me to remain unmarried, padre. I will not be subject to one who will ill-treat me one moment and caress me the next. If any were now to attempt to do either the one or the other, I should know how to defend myself; but my mother would not do so, because she loved him. I will love no one well enough to endure such things from him."

"What a child you are to talk such nonsense!" replied the priest. "Are all men like your father, who gave way to every whim and passion, and did, in truth, ill-treat your mother? Have you not seen numbers of excellent men in the neighborhood, and women who live in perfect unity and peace with their husbands?"

"Ah! they *appear* to do so; but no one knew my father's conduct to my mother: she would rather have died a thousand deaths than have uttered a word of complaint, and all because she loved him. If it be love which closes one's lips, so that one dare not cry out for help, and which makes one defenceless against greater injuries than would be endured from an enemy, then, as I have said before, I will never give up my heart and liberty to any man."

"I tell you, you are an ignorant child, and do not understand what you are talking of. Your heart will not ask you whether you will love or not: when the time comes, all these notions will then give way." After a pause, he again continued: "And did you tell that painter—did you tell *him* that you feared his harshness?"

"His eyes looked just like my father's when asking forgiveness of my mother, and trying to make it up with her. I know those eyes; they can be feigned even by a man who beats the wife who has never done him any harm; and I shuddered when I saw them again." After this, she remained silent, and the priest followed her example. He was thinking of much good advice that he could give to the girl; but the presence of the young sailor, who, towards the end of the



conversation, had become apparently restless, closed his mouth.

In about the space of two hours, they arrived in the little harbor of Capri. Antonino carried the padre through the surf to the shore; but Laurella would not wait till he had waded back to fetch her: she lifted her little skirt, took her wooden shoes in her right hand, the bundle in her left, and splashed sturdily through the water.

"I shall remain some time at Capri to-day," said the priest, "and you need not wait for me, my son. Indeed, I may possibly not return till to-morrow. Laurella, salute your mother for me when you get home; I shall visit her before the week is out. I suppose you return before night?"

"If there be any opportunity," said the girl, as she arranged something about her dress.

"You know that I must get back," said Antonino, in what was intended for a very indifferent tone. "I shall wait for you till vespers; and if you are not here by that time, it does not matter to me."

"You must go back, Laurella," put in the little priest; "you must not leave your mother alone all night. Have you far to go now?"

"To Anacapri, to a vineyard."

"Ah! then our roads do not lie together. I am bound for Capri. The Madonna bless you, my child; and you, too, my son." Laurella kissed his hand, and uttered a farewell, in which the priest and Antonino might claim an equal share; but the young boatman did not seem to perceive it. He took off his cap to the priest, but did not even look at Laurella. However, when they had both left him, his eyes but for a moment followed the priest as he toiled wearily over the shingles, and then they were turned with an eager look to the hilly road on the right, up which toiled the girl, her hands over her eyes, to protect them from the scorching rays of the sun.

Before the path was lost between the rocks, she stood still for a moment, as though to take breath, and looked around her. The shore lay at her feet; she was surrounded by the wild island scenery, and the blue ocean gleamed in more than ordinary splendor; indeed, it was a view worthy of some attention. As luck would have it, her eyes, passing over Antonino's boat, met the gaze of its owner fixed upon herself. They both made

a movement, as though they would excuse themselves for the accident, and then the girl continued her walk with firmly closed lips.

It was an hour after noon, and Antonino had already sat for two hours on the bench before the little public-house frequented by the fishermen. Something exciting must have been passing in his thoughts; for every five minutes he jumped up, stepped into the sunlight, and looked carefully along the roads which led to the right and left towards the two towns of the island.

"The weather seems doubtful," said he to the hostess, by way of excuse; "it is clear for the moment, but I know how to trust the color of the sky. It looked just so before the last great storm, when I had so much difficulty in getting the English family safe to land. Do you remember it?"

"No," said the woman.

"Well, then, just think of my words, if the weather changes to-night." A pause ensued, interrupted by the hostess, who inquired:

"Are there many families over at your place yet?"

"They are just beginning to arrive," was the reply. "We have had hard times hitherto."

"It is a late spring. I wonder if you have earned as much as we folks of Capri?"

"I should not have contrived to dine even twice a week on macaroni, if I had to depend solely on my boat," replied Antonino. "A letter or two to be taken to Naples, or to row out a gentleman occasionally to fish, was all I could find to do. But you know my uncle owns the large orange-garden, and he is a rich man. 'Tonino,' he said to me, 'you shall never know want as long as I live; and after my death, I have cared for you.' And thus, with God's help, I have got through the winter."

"Has your uncle any children?"

"No; he never married, and was long absent in foreign lands, where he got together many a solid piaster. He proposes now to commence a large fishery, and put me at the head of it, to look after his rights."

"Then you are a lucky and a happy man, Antonino," remarked the hostess. The young seaman shrugged his shoulders.

"Each one has his own burden to bear," said he, as he again arose and looked anxiously on all sides, though he must have

known a squall could come but from one quarter.

"I shall bring you another bottle: your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess smiling.

"Only a glass, thank you, for your wine is somewhat fiery; my head is already quite hot from it."

"Pooh! it will not affect your blood; you can drink as much as you like. Ah, here comes my husband! You must sit awhile longer, and chat with him."

And there, true enough, came the sturdy owner of the little inn, his net hanging over his shoulder, and a red cap above his curly hair. He had been taking some fish to the before-mentioned lady of rank, to set before the little priest of Sorrento. As soon as he caught sight of his guest, he waved him a hearty welcome, and, seating himself beside him on the bench, began talking and asking questions. His wife had just brought out a second bottle of genuine Capri, when footsteps were heard on the sand, and Laurella appeared coming from Anacapri. She nodded hastily, and then stood hesitatingly for a moment. Antonino rose.

"There is a girl of Sorrento, who came early this morning with our worthy pastor, and is obliged to return before night to her sick mother."

"Well, well; it is a long time till night," said the fisherman; "she will not refuse a glass of wine. Hollo! wife; bring another jass."

"Thank you; I would rather not," said Laurella, still standing at some distance.

"Pour it out, wife—pour it out; she will be persuaded."

"Let her alone," said the young seaman; "she is obstinate. If she determines not to do a thing, heaven and earth will not move her;" and herewith he took a hasty leave, ran down to the boat, loosened the sail, and then stood awaiting his companion. She nodded again to the hostess of the inn, and then approached the boat with hesitating steps. She stopped and looked around on all sides, as though hoping or expecting the arrival of further company, but the shore was untenanted. The fishermen were either sleeping or out in pursuit of their business; some few of the women and children were sitting within their doorways, dozing or spinning; and strangers who had come across

in the morning, were awaiting the cooler portion of the day for their return. Laurella was not, however, allowed much time to gaze around her, for, before she could prevent it, Antonino had taken her in his arms, and bore her like an infant to the boat. He sprang in after her, and with a few strokes of the oar, they were already in the open water.

Laurella seated herself at the stern of the boat, and half turned her back to Antonino, so that he could see only her profile. Her features were even more stern than usual. The hair hung down over her low forehead, a determined expression hovered round the finely-cut nostril, and the full lips were firmly closed.

When they had thus traversed a good part of the way in silence, she was much inconvenienced by the intensity of the heat, and took her bit of bread out of the handkerchief, which she tied over her plaits. Then she began to eat the bread, her only dinner, for not a morsel had crossed her lips at Anacapri. Antonino, after a moment's pause, took from a basket, which had been full in the morning, two oranges.

"Here is something to eat with your bread, Laurella," said he; "but do not think I kept them on purpose for you; they fell out of the basket into the boat, and I found them when I came back from selling the rest."

"Eat them yourself: the bread is enough for me."

"But they are refreshing in this heat, Laurella, and you have walked far."

"They gave me a glass of water up at the vineyard, and that has already refreshed me."

"As you will," he replied, letting them fall back into the basket. A renewed silence. The sea was as smooth as glass, and hardly murmured round the keel; even the white sea-gulls, which build in the caves, moved noiselessly to their prey.

"You might take the oranges to your mother," began Antonino again.

"We have some at home still; and when those are finished, I can buy others."

"O, just take them to her, with a greeting from me."

"Why, she does not know you!"

"Then you might tell her who I am."

"I do not know you either." It was not the first time she had so disowned his acquaintance. A year before, when the painter first

came to Sorrento, it happened on a Sunday that Antonino, with other young men of the town, were engaged, in an open space near the principal street, playing at *Boccia*. It was there the painter first saw Laurella, who, with a pitcher on her head, walked by without observing him. The Neapolitan, struck with her appearance, stood gazing after her, although he was in the very midst of the game, and three steps might have placed him in safety. A hard ball against his ankle must have reminded him this was not a place where he might lose himself in thought. He looked round, as though awaiting an apology; but the young sailor who had thrown the ball stood silently and scornfully in the midst of his friends, and the stranger, thinking it advisable to avoid a dispute, quietly took his departure. But the matter was talked about, and was again brought up when the painter openly proposed for Laurella.

"I know nothing of him," she said indignantly, when the painter inquired if she refused him for the sake of that uncivil youth. But the circumstance had come to her ears, and when she met Antonino she always recognized him.

And there they sat in the boat like the bitterest enemies, while the hearts of both beat high. Antonino's usually good-tempered face was very red; he lashed the waves till the foam besprinkled him; and his lips trembled occasionally, as though giving vent to evil words. She pretended to observe nothing, put on her most nonchalant air, and, leaning over the side of the boat, let the water trickle through her fingers. Then she took the handkerchief off again, and arranged her hair as though she were quite alone in the boat; but her eyebrows still moved convulsively, and it was in vain she strove to cool her burning cheeks by pressing her wet hands against them.

They had now got about half-way across, and no other boat was visible; the island had been left behind, the coast before them lay far distant in the sunlight, and not even a sea-mew disturbed the solitude. Antonino looked around him. A thought seemed to flash across his mind; the color faded suddenly from his face, and he let the oars fall. Involuntarily, Laurella turned towards him, collected and fearless.

"I must make an end of this!" burst forth the young man; "it has already lasted

too long, and I only wonder at my own patience. You say you do not know me! Have you not seen long enough that when with you my feelings are well-nigh ungovernable, that my heart has been full, and that I have longed to speak to you! And then you put on that don't-care face, and turn your back to me."

"What had I to say to you!" she inquired shortly. "I have indeed remarked that you wished to make my acquaintance; but I had no desire to hear my name in every one's mouth, for no end. Yes, I say for no end, for I should never take you for a husband—neither you nor any one else."

"Nor any one else! You will not always speak thus. Because you sent off the painter: bah! you were only a child then. The day will yet come when you will feel lonely, and then, foolish as you now are, you will take the first good offer."

"No one knows his future. It is possible my mind may change; but what is that to you?"

"What is that to me!" he exclaimed, and bounded from his seat, so that every plank quivered. "What is that to me! and you can still ask that when you know the state I am in. Know, then, the miserable wretch shall perish you dare to prefer before me!"

"Have I promised myself to you? Can I help it if your head is turned? What right have you over me?"

"O," he cried, "it is not written down, to be sure; no lawyer has inscribed it in Latin, and affixed his seal thereto; but this I know, that I have as much right over you as I have to enter heaven if I act uprightly. Do you imagine I will look on when you go to church with another, and the girls pass by me with a shrug of the shoulders? Will I submit to that degradation?"

"Do as you like. I shall not be intimidated, threaten as you will. I suppose, I also may do as I please."

"You shall not say so long," he replied, while every limb shook. "I am man enough not to submit any longer to have my life made miserable by a froward girl. Do you know that you are here in my power, and must do as I will?" She started slightly, and her eyes flashed.

"Kill me, if you dare!" she said slowly.

"One must do nothing by halves," he

said in a more subdued voice. "I cannot help it, my child," he continued almost sadly, and as though in a dream; "but we must both go down—both together—and now!" he shouted, and clasped her suddenly in his arms. But the next moment he drew back his right hand, and the blood spurted out: she had bitten him severely.

"Must I do as you will?" she cried, pushing him away with a sudden movement. "We shall see if I am in your power!" With these words, she sprang over the side of the boat, and disappeared for a moment beneath the water. She came up again immediately, her dress clinging tightly round her, her hair, loosened by the water, hanging heavily round her neck; and she threw out her arms energetically, and swam on without another syllable towards the distant shore. The sudden alarm seemed to have bereft Antonino of his senses. He stood bent forward in the boat, with his eyes fixed rigidly on the girl, as though a miracle were passing before his sight. Then he shook himself, seized the oars, and followed her, with every nerve distended, whilst the bottom of the boat was reddened with the stream of blood which continued to flow forth. In a moment he was by her side, fast as she swam. "In the name of our holy Mother," he cried, "come into the boat. I have been a fool! Heaven knows what came over me. A flash of light seemed to dazzle my brain; I was mad, and did not know what I was saying or doing. I do not ask you to forgive me, Laurella; I only wish to save your life, by entreating you to get in again." She swam on as though she had heard nothing.

"You can never reach the land; it is at least two miles off. Think of your mother: if anything were to happen to you, she would die of grief." Laurella measured the distance to the shore with her eye, then, without replying, she swam towards the boat, and grasped the side with her hands. He stood up to help her; his jacket, which had lain on the bench, slipped into the water as the boat was drawn on one side by the girl's weight. She swung herself up, and took possession of her former seat. When he saw her safe, he resumed the oars, whilst she tried to wring out her dripping garments, and to shake the water from her hair.

Whilst thus engaged her eyes fell on the

bottom of the boat, and she now first perceived the blood. She cast a rapid glance towards the hand with which, as though unwounded, he was using the oar.

"Here!" she said, and extended her handkerchief to him. He shook his head, and rowed on. At length she stood up, went to him, and bound the handkerchief tightly round the deep wound. She then, notwithstanding his opposition, took one of the oars herself, sat down opposite, but without looking at him, and fixed her eyes on the oar, reddened with blood, at the same time impelling forward the boat with powerful strokes. They were both pale and silent. As they approached the land, they were met by the fishermen going out to lay their night-nets. They shouted to Antonino, and jeered at Laurella; but neither looked up or replied with a word. The sun still stood tolerably high over Procida when they reached the shore. Laurella again shook out her dress, which was by this time almost dry, and sprang to land.

The old spinner who had seen them start in the morning was again upon the beach. "What is the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she cried. "Holy Mary! the boat is swimming in blood!"

"It is nothing, good mother," replied the young man. "I have razed the skin a little, but it will be well by to-morrow. That unlucky blood is always at the surface, ready to flow forth, and make things look worse than they are."

"I will come and lay herbs on it, comrade. Wait; I shall be with you in a minute."

"Do not trouble yourself, Goody. It is all right now, and by to-morrow it will be well, and forgotten. I have a healthy skin, which heals up directly."

"Addio!" said Laurella as she turned into the path up the ascent.

"Good-evening," cried the young man, but without looking at her.

He then removed his tackle and the baskets from the boat, and climbed up the little stone-steps to his hut. No one but himself inhabited the two rooms, through which he now began to pace up and down. There was more air than there had been in the morning, and it came in refreshingly through the open windows; the solitude, too, was delightful to him. He stood some time before the little picture of the Virgin, and gazed thoughtfully



on the glory which surrounded it; but he did not pray, for he knew not what petition to make, now that all hope was gone. Time had seemed to stand still to-day; he longed for night, for he was weary, and the loss of blood affected him more than he imagined. He felt a sharp pain in his hand, and seating himself on a chair, loosened the bandage. The blood, which had been repressed, burst out again, and the hand all around the wound was much swollen. He washed it carefully, and strove to cool it. On examining it again, he could clearly trace the marks of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," he said; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. I will send back her handkerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe."

When he had again bound up his hand as well as he could with the aid of his teeth, he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The bright moon awoke him from a doze, and the hand seemed even more painful than before. He had just raised himself to soothe the beating pulses with water, when he heard a noise at the door.

"Who is there?" cried he; and lifting the latch, Laurella stood before him! Without a word, she walked in, threw off the covering she wore on her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a long breath.

"You come to fetch your handkerchief," said Antonino; "but you might have been spared the trouble, as to-morrow morning early I should have requested Giuseppe to take it to you."

"It is nothing about the handkerchief," she replied quickly. "I have been on the hillside to gather herbs for you, to stop the bleeding. There;" and she raised the cover of the basket.

"Why did you give yourself so much trouble?" said he without any bitterness. "I am better already—much better; and if I were worse, it would be nothing but what I deserve. Why have you come at this hour? Suppose any one were to find you here! You know how they chatter even when they have no foundation."

"I care for none!" she said hastily. "I will see your hand, and apply these herbs, for you can never manage it by yourself."

"I tell you there is no necessity."

"Then let me see it myself, that I may believe you." He could not resist her when

she took his hand and removed the bandage. She started when she saw the violent swelling, and exclaimed: "Holy Virgin!"

"It has bled a little," said he; "but a day or two will set it all right." She shook her head.

"It will be a week at least before you can go out to sea again."

"Nonsense. It will be well by the day after to-morrow at latest. Besides, what does it signify?" Meanwhile, she had re-washed the wound, to which he submitted like a child. She then placed upon it the healing herbs, which almost instantly relieved the fever, and bound up the hand with strips of linen which she had brought in her little basket. When she had finished—

"I thank you, Laurella," said he. "And now—listen! If you will favor me still further, forgive me for the madness which took possession of me to-day, and forget all I said or did. I do not myself know how it happened. You were not the cause, I can assure you; and you shall never again hear anything from me that can displease you."

"It is I who have to ask your pardon," interrupted she. "I ought to have put things before you in another and a better light, and not irritated you with my nonchalant air; and then the wound"—

"It was necessary, and quite time that I should be brought to my senses," he replied; "and, as I have before said, it is of no consequence. Do not speak of pardon: you have done me good, and I thank you for it. And now go home, and to bed; and there is your handkerchief—you can take it with you." He held it towards her, but she still stood there, and appeared struggling with herself. At last she said:

"You lost your jacket, too, through my means, and I know the price of the oranges was in it. I thought of this only on my way home; and I cannot exactly make it up to you, for we have no money, and if we had, it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross the painter put on my table, the last time he was with us. I have not looked at it since then, and do not wish it to remain in my box any longer. If you sell it—it is worth at least a couple of piasters, my mother said at the time—your loss will be almost replaced, and what remains I will try to earn by spinning at night after my mother is asleep."

"I will take nothing!" answered he shortly, and pushing away the bright cross which she had drawn from her pocket.

"You must take it," said she. "Who knows how long it may be before you can earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and I will never look at it again."

"Then throw it into the sea!"

"Why, it is no gift I make you; it is nothing more than your right, and what you ought in justice to receive."

"Right? I have no right over anything of yours. If, in future, you should meet me anywhere, do me the favor not to look at me, that I may not think you remember how wrongly I acted towards you. And now good-night, and let the subject drop."

He laid her handkerchief in the basket, and the cross by its side; then closed the lid. When he looked up, he started. Large heavy drops were rolling down Laurella's cheeks.

"Holy Madonna!" he cried, "are you ill? You are trembling from head to foot!"

"It is nothing," she said. "I will go home;" and she turned towards the door; but her emotion overpowered her, and leaning her head against the door-post, she sobbed aloud. He hastened towards her, but before he could take her hand, she threw herself into his arms.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried, clinging to him like a dying creature to life. "I cannot bear your speaking so kindly, and bidding me leave you, when I am conscious of having done you so much injury. Strike me! tread me under your feet! curse me even! or if it be true that you love me still, after all I have done, here, take me, keep me, do with me what you will; only do not send me away from you thus!" Sobs again interrupted her. He held her for a time in his arms in silence.

"If I still love you!" cried he at length.

"Holy Mother! do you imagine all my heart's blood has run out of that little wound? Do you not feel it there beating in my breast, as though it would burst? If you only say this to try me, or out of pity for me, go away, and I will try to forget this also. You shall not think yourself guilty, because you know what I suffer about you."

"No," she replied firmly, and looking up eagerly from his shoulder through her swimming tears. "I love you! and, lest I should let you see it, I have struggled strongly against it. But now I will behave differently, for I could not help looking at you if I met you in the street. And now," added she solemnly, "receive this kiss, that you may say to yourself if you doubt again: 'She kissed me, and Laurella kisses none but him she intends for her husband.' And now," concluded she, disengaging herself, "you must go to bed, and get your hand well. Good-night! Do not go with me, for I fear no one—but you." She then tripped out of the door, and disappeared in the shadow of the walls. Antonino continued to gaze for some time longer through the window over the glorious sea, in which a thousand stars seemed to twinkle.

The next time the little priest came out of the confessional, in which Laurella had long been kneeling, he smiled quietly to himself.

"Who would have thought," said he mentally, "that Heaven would so soon have shewn mercy to this poor strange heart? And there was I anticipating a hard struggle with that besetting sin of hers, pride. But how short-sighted are we mortals, where Heaven is so wise! Well! may the blessing of all the saints be upon her; and may I live to see the day when Laurella's eldest son can take his father's place in rowing me across the water. Ei, ei, ei! La Rabbiata!"

THE BALLADS OF IRELAND. Collected and edited by Edward Hayes. In two volumes.

WITH rare exceptions, and they mostly translations, these "Ballads of Ireland" are of modern date, Moore's Melodies being about the oldest specimens; the most numerous belong to the period when "Young Ireland" and the *Nation* newspaper were in their meridian glory. The ballads are judiciously classed according to their nature; notices of the writers or notes on the subject are given when necessary; and the selection has been made with impartiality. In the

Historical [quære, Political?] Ballads, "Oliver's Advice," by Colonel Blacker—an Orange homily on the text of "Keep your powder dry"—and similar poems, appear along with "The Wexford Massacre," "The Treaty Stone of Limerick," and similar patriotic themes. The general impression is that which we noted in reviewing the poetry of the *Nation* newspaper years ago—the echo of "the Saxon," rather than the raciness of "the Celt." It is an interesting collection. — *Spectator*.

THE enclosed soliloquy was written in 1837, by Miss ———, now Mrs. ———, of ———, Ky., and published in the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, a literary journal of limited circulation at that period, edited by Charles Drake. The soliloquy was subsequently altered and amended materially, but never republished. Prior to her marriage Mrs. ——— had some local celebrity as a poetess, and published several pieces which were highly approved by the public, and commended in very flattering terms by Mr. Prentice and other journalists of cultivated taste in Kentucky. After her marriage she abandoned the Muses, but has contributed occasionally to some of the religious periodicals and newspapers, prose articles of very decided merit. If the enclosed be deemed worthy of a place in the *Living Age*, which I hope it may, it would perhaps be proper to state that it appears by request, and without the cognizance of the authoress. As a specimen of the poetry of the West it has merits, in my poor judgment, which entitle it to preservation in American literature. W. H. S.

ROCKVILLE, IND., Nov. 17th, 1855.

#### THE BRIDE'S SOLILOQUY.

WEAVE in my hair no buds, which rainbow showers  
And whispering winds have nursed in fairy bowers;

For they are Eden-born and eloquent  
Of all the pure fresh feelings which are sent  
By Heaven, to guide young Love's affections right,  
And gild its pathway with celestial light.

Bring me no flowers, for they are tokens all  
Of early vows and hopes, which to recall  
Methinks would fever so this pallid brow  
That it would scorch to dust a garland now.  
And O! they say 't would stain my cheek with crime

To brood o'er memories of a happier time.

Bring me no flowers, but with a glittering chain  
Bind the mad pulses of my throbbing brain;  
And let not one unbraided tress wave free,  
To mock my heart with its wild liberty.  
But bind them regally, with gems whose gleams  
Shall dazzle all with their cold, starlike beams;  
That none my spirit's agony so deep,  
Or my dim, tearful eyes, that fain would weep,  
And smileless lips, may mark; while I to-night  
My false and hollow vows of duty plight.

And then, when my faltering voice hath said  
The solemn words, let me straightway be led  
To join in the dance when the tireless feet  
And the bounding hearts of the glad young beat,

In measured time, to the notes that ring,  
So gaily out from the minstrel's string.

For O! if the light of enjoyment falls  
Not bright on my footsteps in Wealth's proud halls,

And the sparkling wine of the full-wreathed bowl

No lustre lends to the darkened soul,  
And the maddening draughts of excitement fall  
To re-mantle the cheek with its griefs made pale,  
Then how wretched and lonely and desolate  
Will this heart be, when abandoned to fate!

Yet must I not pass through the gazing crowd  
With a careworn brow, and a spirit bow'd,  
With a grief not veiled from their scornful eyes  
By the dazzling array of wealth's disguise,  
So dearly obtained by the loss of truth,  
And the cherish'd visions of dreaming youth.

I would mix with the thoughtless, revelling throng,

By the current of pleasure borne along,  
Till the soothing words of the flatterer's praise  
Shall call up the mem'ries of other days;  
And my eye shall rest with a kindlier glance  
On him whose fond, vain faith, perchance,  
Will deem it the glow of love, not pride,  
That flushes the face of his fair young bride.

But no! let him find me — all cold and vain;  
One born for a priestess in Fashion's fane;  
For I would not for worlds that a look of mine  
Should awaken a hope of that bliss divine,  
Where welcoming smiles and endearments sweet  
Wait with impatience the lov'd one to greet,  
When at eve, with quick pace and swelling breast,

He hies to a home with affection blest.

Yet, why talk I of home? — it is a place  
O'er which hath passed the desolating trace  
Of poisonous disappointment; every thought  
Of home from that sweet dream of thee I caught,

Iarro, — ere base and whispering malice stung  
Thy lofty soul, to breathe those words that wrung

From my insulted faith the blighting doom  
That withered all this heart's pure Eden bloom!

How fleeting did those joyous moments prove,  
When, basking in the sunshine of thy love,  
I question'd whether in Elysian bowers  
Was ever known a bliss so sweet as ours.  
Iarro, O Iarro! linked with thine,  
Methought a bright and glorious fate was mine:  
That I should move thro' palace halls of earth,  
Won proudly by the riches of thy worth.

But thou hast rashly, ay, and coldly flung  
From thee a heart, that still had fondly clung  
To thine, though Fate o'er fields of gory dead  
Or storm-washed decks thy spirit brave had led  
To earth's rude bounds, where, desolate and lone,

Spreads the wide waste of cold Siberia's zone.  
And in that cheerless, unblest wilderness,  
With thee I could have found more happiness  
Than in the gorgeous halls of pomp and pride,  
To which I go, — a hopeless, heartless Bride:

## A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,  
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,  
When summer gathers up her robes of glory,  
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path shelingers,  
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,  
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,  
Till the cool emerald turned to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining  
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering  
halls,

With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,  
Where o'er the rock her wither'd garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning  
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,  
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes  
raining,  
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist wind breathes of crispéd leaves and  
flowers

In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,  
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers  
With spicy airs from cedar alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the cumbered meadow,  
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,  
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,  
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft fringed lids the bee sits brooding,  
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell,  
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds in-  
truding,

Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely  
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,  
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only  
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight  
dreaming,

Forget to breathe their fulness of delight—  
And through the tracéd wood soft airs are  
streaming,

Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling  
Stirs, like the wind in Ocean's hollow shell,  
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,  
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

## THE MIDNIGHT VOICE.

FATHER, at this calm hour,  
Alone, in prayer, I bend my humble knee;  
My soul in silence wings its flight to Thee,  
And owns Thy boundless power.

Day's weary toil is o'er;  
No worldly strife my heartfelt worship mars;  
Beneath the mystery of the silent stars,  
I tremble and adore.

Not when the frenzied storm  
Writhes 'mid the darkness, till in wild despair,

Bursting its thunder-chains, the lightning's glare  
Reveals its awful form:

I wait not for that hour—  
In flower and dew, in sunshine calm and free,  
I hear "*a still small voice*," that speaks of Thee,  
With holier, deeper power.

Above the thunder notes,  
Serene and clear, the music of the spheres  
Forever rolls; though not to mortal ears  
The heavenly cadence floats.

## "DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS."

In the youth of the heart, ere the glorious ray  
That was born of life's morning has faded away;  
While the light lingers yet in the eyes that are  
dear,

And the voices we love still remain with us here:  
While the wine is yet red, and the stars are still  
bright,

And the winds and the waves bring us music by  
night;

While the warm blood leaps up when the forests  
resound

With the tread of the horse and the bay of the  
hound—

O! ever and always, so long as we may,  
"As we journey through life, *Let us live* by the  
way."

Let us live! In the power to enjoy that is given,  
The earnest on earth of the glory of Heaven.

In the courage that ever, in mirth or in sorrow,  
Has strength for each day, and a hope for each  
morrow;

With smiles for the future, though tears for the  
past,

And joy in the hours that steal from us so fast.  
For the friends whose brave spirits have gathered  
around us,

Fer the love whose bright blooming tendrils have  
bound us,

Though cloud or though sunshine encompass the  
day,

"As we journey through life, *Let us live* by the  
way."

When the world has grown old, and the night  
stars at last,

That rose in the future, have set in the past,  
Save that brightest of all, which is guiding us  
ever

To the beautiful country beyond the dark river;  
When the eyes become dim and the locks have  
grown gray,

And we gather no more to the feast or the fray;  
When we pause at the end and look thoughtfully  
back

Through the change and the chance of the long  
weary track,

It will cheer the old heart to be able to say,

"As we've journeyed through life, *we have lived*  
by the way."

J. K. L.

— Home Journal.